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MESSAGES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I

SIR OLIVER LODGE is one of the most notable scientists of our time. He is also one of the oldest, most active and prominent members of that well-known Society for Psychical Research, which, founded in 1882, has ever since striven to study with irreproachable rigour of science all the wonderful, inexplicable occult and supernatural phenomena which have always baffled and still elude the comprehension of mankind. In addition to his purely scientific works, of which I do not speak, not being qualified to judge of their merits, he is the author of some extraordinary books, such as *Man and the Universe, The Ether of Space* and *The Survival of Man,* in which the loftiest and most daring metaphysical speculations are constantly controlled by the most prudent, stable and wise common sense.

Sir Oliver Lodge, therefore, is at the same time a philosopher and a practical, working scientist, accustomed to scientific methods which do not readily allow him to go astray; he has, in a word, one of the best-balanced brains that we could hope to meet; and he is convinced that the dead do not die, but are able to communicate with us. He tried to make us share his conviction in *The Survival of Man.* I am not sure that he has quite succeeded in doing so. True, he gives us a number of extraordinary phenomena, but they are phenomena which, conceivably, can be explained by the unconscious intervention of intelligences other than those of the dead. He does not bring us the irrefutable proof, such as we should consider, for instance, the revelation of an incident, a detail, a piece of information so entirely unknown to any living creature that it could come only from a spirit no longer of this world. We must admit, however, that such a proof is, as he says, as difficult to conceive as to provide.

II

Sir Oliver Lodge's youngest son, Raymond, was born in 1889, became an engineer and volunteered for the duration of the war in September, 1914. He was sent out to Flanders early in the spring of 1915; and, on the 14th of September of the same year, in front of Ypres, while the company under his command was leaving the front-line trench, he was hit

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in the left side by the enemy's shrapnel and died shortly afterward.

He was, as a photograph shows us, one of those admirable young British soldiers who typify a strong, fresh, joyous humanity, clean and bright, and whose death seems the more cruel and the more incredible as it annihilates a greater aggregate of strength, hope and beauty.

His father has just dedicated to his memory a large volume entitled *Raymond, or Life and Death;* and we are at first somewhat bewildered at seeing that it is not, as one might expect, a book of lamentation, regrets and tears, but the accurate, deliberately impassive and at times almost cheerful report of a man of learning who thrusts aside his sorrow so that he may see clearly before him, wrestles with the thought of death and beholds the rising dawn of an immense and very strange hope.

III

I will not linger over the first part of the volume, which aims at making us acquainted with Raymond Lodge. It contains some forty letters written in the trenches, the testimony of his brother-officers' devotion to him, details of his death and so on. The letters, I must say in passing, are charmingly vivid and marked by a delicate and delightful humour whose only object is to reassure those who are not themselves in danger. I have not time to dwell upon them, and they are not what most interests us here. But the second part, which Sir Oliver Lodge calls *Supernormal Portion,* passes from the life that is found on the surface of our earth and introduces us into a very different world.

In the very first lines the author reminds us that he has "made no secret of his conviction, not merely that personality persists, but that its continued existence is more entwined with the life of every day than has been generally imagined; that there is no real breach of continuity between the dead and the living, and that methods of intercommunion across what has seemed to be a gulf can be set going in response to the urgent demand of affection; that, in fact, as Diotima told Socrates (*Symposium,* 202 and 203), *Love bridges the chasm.*"

Sir Oliver Lodge, then, is persuaded that his son, though dead, has not ceased to exist and that he has not gone far from those who love him. Raymond, in fact, seeks to communicate with his father as early as eleven days after his death. We know that these communications, or so-called communications, from beyond the grave—let us not prejudge the issue for the moment—are made through the agency of a medium who is or believes himself to be inspired or possessed by the deceased or by a familiar spirit speaking in his name and repeating what the latter reveals to him. The medium conveys his information either orally or by automatic writing, or again, although this is very rare in the present instance, by table-turning. But I will pass over these preliminaries, which would carry us too far, and come straight to the communication which is, I think, the most astonishing of all, and perhaps the only one that cannot be explained, or at least is exceedingly difficult to explain, by the intervention of the living.

About the end of August, 1915, that is to say, not many days before his death, Raymond, who, as we have seen, was near Ypres, had been photographed with the officers of his battalion by a travelling photographer. On the 27th of September following, in the course of a sitting with the medium Peters, the spirit, speaking by the latter's mouth, said suddenly:

"You have several portraits of this boy. Before he went away you had a good portrait of him—two, no three. Two where he is alone and one where he is in a group of other men. He is particular that I should tell you of this. In one you see his walking-stick."

Now, at that time the members of Sir Oliver Lodge's family did not know of the existence of this group. They attached no great importance, however, to

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the revelation; but in subsequent sittings, notably on the 3d of December, before the photographer had arrived, before they were seen, more detailed information was received. According to the spirit's statements, the photograph was of a dozen officers or more, taken out of doors, in front of a sort of shelter (the medium kept drawing vertical lines in the air). Some were sitting down and some were standing up at the back. Raymond was sitting; somebody was leaning on him. There were several photographs taken.

On the 7th of December the photograph arrived at Mariemont, Sir Oliver's house near Edgbaston. There were three copies, all differing slightly, of the same group of twenty-one officers, those in the back row standing up, the others seated. The group was taken outside a sort of temporary wooden structure, such as might be a hospital shed, with six conspicuous nearly vertical lines on the roof. Raymond was one of those sitting on the ground in front; his walking-stick, mentioned in the first revelation, was lying across his feet. And a striking piece of evidence is that his is the only instance where one man is leaning or resting his hand on the shoulder of another, in two of the photographs, or, in the third, his leg.

This manifestation is one of the most remarkable that has hitherto been obtained, because it eliminates almost entirely any telepathic interference; that is to say, any subconscious intercommunication between the persons present at the sitting, all of whom were absolutely unaware of the existence of the photographs. If we refuse to admit the intervention of the deceased—which should, I agree, be admitted only in the last resort—we must, in order to explain the revelation, suppose that the subconsciousness of the medium or of one of those present entered into communication, through the vast mazes and deserts of space and amid millions of strange souls, with the subconsciousness of one of the officers or of one of the people who had seen these photographs, whose existence there was no reason for suspecting. This is possible, but it is so fortuitous, so prodigious that the survival and intervention of the deceased would, in the circumstances, seem almost less supernatural and more probable.

IV

I will not enter into the details of the numerous sittings which preceded or followed this one; nor will I even undertake to summarise them. In order to share the feelings aroused, we must read the reports which faithfully reproduce these strange dialogues between the living and the dead. We receive the impression that the departed son comes daily closer and closer to life and converses more and more easily, more and more familiarly, with all those who love him before he was overtaken by the shadows of the grave. He recalls to each of them a thousand little forgotten incidents. He remains among his own kindred as though he had never left them. He is always present and prepared to answer. He mingles so completely in their whole life that no one any longer thinks of mourning his loss. They question him about his present state, ask him what he is, where he is, what he is doing. He needs no pressing; he at once declares himself astonished at the reality of that new world. He is very happy there, reforming himself, condensing himself, so to speak, and gradually finding himself again. The existence of the intelligence and of the will, disencumbered of the body, is freer, lighter, of greater range and diffusion, but continues very like what it was in the flesh. The environment is no longer physical but spiritual; and it is a transposition on to another plane rather than the rupture, the complete overthrow, the incomprehensible transitions which we are pleased to imagine. After all, is it not fairly plausible and are we not wrong in believing that death changes everything, from one day to the next, and that there is a sudden and inconceivable abyss between the hour which

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precedes decease and that which follows it? Is the life-force which we carry within ourselves and which doubtless cannot be extinguished, is it to so great a degree crippled and cramped by our body that, when it leaves this body, it becomes, then and there, entirely different and unrecognisable?

But I must set a limit to speculation and, lest I exceed the limits of this essay, I must pass by two or three revelations less striking than that of the photograph, but pretty strange, notwithstanding. Obviously, it is not the first time that such manifestations have occurred; but these are really of a higher quality than those which crowd several volumes of the *Proceedings*. Do they furnish the proof for which we ask? I do not think so; but will anyone ever be able to supply us with that irrefutable proof? What can the disincarnate spirit do when trying to establish that it continues to exist? If it speak to us of the most secret, the most private incidents of a common past, we reply that it is we who are reviving those memories within ourselves. If it aim at convincing us by its description of the world beyond the grave, not all the most glorious and unexpected pictures of that world which it might trace are worth anything as a proof, for they cannot be controlled. If we seek a sign by asking it to foretell the future, it confesses that it does not know the future much better than we do, which is likely enough, seeing that any knowledge of this kind implies a sort of omniscience and consequently omnipotence which can hardly be acquired in a moment. All that remains to it, therefore, is the little snatches of evidence, the uncertain attempts at proof such as we find here. It is not enough, I admit; for psychometry, that is to say, a similar manifestation of clairvoyance between one living subconsciousness and another, gives almost equally astonishing results. But here as there these results show at least that we have around us wandering intelligences, already enfranchised from the narrow and burdensome laws of space and matter, that sometimes know things which we do not know or no longer know. Do they emanate from ourselves, are they only manifestations of faculties as yet unknown, or are they external, objective and independent of ourselves? Are they merely alive in the sense in which we speak of our bodies, or do they belong to bodies which have ceased to exist? That is what we cannot yet decide; but it must be acknowledged that, once we admit their existence, which at this date is hardly contestable, it becomes much less difficult to agree that they belong to the dead.

This at least may be said: If experiments such as these do not demonstrate positively that the dead are able directly, demonstrably and almost personally to mingle with our existence and to remain in touch with us, they prove that they continue to live in us much more ardently, profoundly, vividly and passionately than had hitherto been believed; and that in itself is more than we dared hope.

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IS IT POSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

No reply can be given on *a priori* considerations unless it be a contemptuous negative based on too hasty a guess about the significance of the last word in the query. If it be true that "the dead know not anything," they practically have no longer any personal existence, and it cannot be possible to communicate with nonentity. But this is reasoning in a hind-before or preposterous manner. The right method of attack is to ascertain first, by experiment and observation, whether communication is possible; and then from that fact, if it becomes an established fact, to infer that after all the dead do know something, and that they have a personal existence.

But then the obvious question arises —How can it be possible to communicate with anyone, however intelligent, who possesses no physical instrument or organ for the conversion of thought into act? How can it be possible to appreciate mere thought?

A partial answer is given by the experimental discovery of telepathy, which appears to be a direct process of transmission from mind to mind. But still, for any kind of reproduction or utilisation or conveyance to others, a physical process is necessary; and therefore, so far as we know a physiological mechanism is necessary. An instrument of some kind there must be; but it does not follow that the instrument employed need necessarily be the property of the communicating intelligence. A musician deprived of his instrument might learn to play on another. Without an instrument of some kind—be it only a pen—his soul might be full of music but it would be silent and unapprehended, it could not be reproduced, it could not even be written: an inferior or a strange instrument would be better than nothing, and might once more confer upon him some power of utterance.

Now the facts of multiple personality show that a single human body can under exceptional circumstances be played upon by several intelligences, not only by one: the normal occupant can as it were be ousted sometimes, and its place taken by others. That is the appearance; and the appearance may turn out to be nearer reality than had been thought likely.

There are certain people whose value for the purpose of enlarging our experience is much greater than has yet been recognised, who self-sacrificingly allow the bodily part of themselves to be employed in conveying messages, which are received telepathically, or they know not how, from intelligences other than their own. Their own personality goes into abeyance or into trance for a time, while their body and brain continue active, and thus messages are transmitted about facts previously unknown to them, and which subsequently leave no accessible deposit in their memory.

A person thus employed as a transmitting mechanism for another intelligence is called a "medium." There are various grades of mediumship, and it is not always associated with complete normal unconsciousness, by any means; but in all cases it appears to be a healthy and useful variety of what in pathological cases is called "multiple personality." The secondary personality in temporary control need not be obtrusive or troublesome, it may be well controlled and amenable to reason and convenience, but it is not the normal intelligence of the medium, and the stratum of memory tapped is a different one. Facts known to some other person come to the front, facts familiar to the medium recede for

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a time into the background. The kind of person whose memory can by this means be most readily or commonly tapped is one who has no longer any body of his own, i.e., one who, having been dissociated from his body, having gone through the definite process of dissolution called death, is commonly spoken of as "dead."

It turns out to be possible for a discarnate mind to utilise and so to speak manipulate the organism of another person, either directly or indirectly and under circumstances of considerable difficulty, and thus convey a message to friends still living on the earth. This is the most frequent and effective method of communication; and many there are who are familiar with such messages by direct experience. The facts selected for mention or transmission in such cases are often trivial domestic occurrences, such as have no public significance, but which are well adapted to prove the identity of the person who remembers them. The triviality of the facts remembered matters nothing, if they have this identifying character. Facts of importance are not nearly so useful; for either they can hardly be verified, or they are of the nature of public knowledge. It is the trivial and the domestic which give the evidential clues and personal traits desired by sorrowing survivors.

Of mediumship there are many grades and varieties. The trance condition above spoken of is one of the most complete forms, but automatic or semi-conscious writing can be obtained by some people without letting more than the hand go out of the customary control. The instrument in that case is the hand supplemented by pen or pencil; the pencil is worked no doubt by the muscles in a normal way, but it is not guided as to the sense of the message by the normal mind of the person working it. Sometimes the pencil is fixed to a larger piece of wood, so that the muscular action can be simpler and less like that method employed in ordinary writing—a method called "planchette." Sometimes such a piece of wood is constructed so as to be able to point to printed letters, instead of writing them. And sometimes a still more elementary form of physical instrument is used, and the message comes in the form of bare signals—akin to flag-wagging or key-depressing, or, in the case of those who do not know the Morse code, by repeating the alphabet to the tilts of a table which stops at the intended letter. Table-tilting seems like an old and despised amusement rather than a serious method, it is apparently more adapted to mere games, but with care and sobriety even this forms a possible vehicle for communications of a simple but definite kind. A table is manifestly only a variant, a clumsy and bulky variant, of a planchette, or again of a pencil, which is also a bit of wood actuated by muscles.

Modes of converting thought into physical movement are innumerable, and it matters but little which of them is used. The hand, the larynx, the arm muscles, the throat muscles, are all pieces of matter amenable to mental influence, through the brain and nerve mechanism associated with them. How they can be actuated by mind at all is a puzzle; but the fact that they can be so actuated is undeniable. The element of strangeness about any kind of communication is not that matter is moved in accordance with a code, so as to reproduce thought in another percipient mind: for that is equally true of ordinary speech and writing; the strangeness of supernormal instances is that the substance of the communication is alien to the person transmitting it, and is characteristic of some other person who is dramatically and vividly represented as really desirous of sending an identifying and comforting message, and who employs such bodily organs and physiological mechanism as he may be permitted for the time to use.

Now let me indicate the kind of messages which may be received. Some of these relate to facts and experiences "on the other side"—the kind of life lived there, the surroundings, the conditions,

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the persistence of vivid interest in affairs of earth, and the difficulties and to some extent the *rationale* of communication. But all these belong to what we call "unveritable" topics—we have no means of bringing them to book or ascertaining what amount of truth the messages contain; so that they seldom get published. Suffice it to say that the invariable assertion is that the conditions on "the other side" are much more like conditions here than the communicators themselves had expected. They speak of flowers and animals, and books, and interest and beauty of all kinds. They assure us that they know very little more than we know, that their character and personality are practically unchanged, that they have not suddenly jumped into something supernal—nor infernal either—that they are themselves just as before, with tastes and aptitudes not dissimilar, but that they are subject to conditions happier and more conducive to progress, and freer from difficulty and gratuitous obstruction than when they were associated with matter.

They also say that things round them are quite solid and substantial, and that it is the old material things which now appear shadowy and evanescent; so that they are barely cognisant of happenings on earth save when definite duties are allotted to them to help those who are coming over, or when they make a spontaneous effort to get through to those they have loved and left behind. They are keenly susceptible to friendly feeling and affection, and they are less shy or chary of expressing their feelings than they were down here.

They do not appear to be in another region of space, but are interlocked and closely associated with this order of existence; the links being ties of interest and affection, rather than mere space-relation or bodily proximity. Moreover, the same constructive ability as must in the long course of evolution have succeeded in producing their old visible organism, by arranging particles of matter, seems able to continue its task under the new conditions, and can construct another body or mode of manifestation out of such substance as is there available—the ether it may be hypothetically supposed to be—a body not unlike in appearance the material one which had been constructed here. And this constructive ability probably belongs not only to human and animal, but to all forms of organic life; so that the surroundings, in what some are beginning to think of as an ethereal world, need not be very different from those familiar to us in this realm of matter—that realm which is now so real and all-absorbing to us, which excites our keenest admiration, and yet of the real mode of construction of which we know so little.

However all that may be, the first messages which come through are not of this descriptive character; they represent not attempts to inform, but attempts to convince, to make us realise that lost ones are still vivid and active, and that they are happy so far as we will let them be. They grieve with our sorrow, but otherwise find their new life full of interest and helpfulness and a kind of joy.

The first messages which come through, therefore, are messages of affection; and next come those little family reminiscences which, to those for whom they are intended, are often very clear and satisfying, although to outsiders they require so much explanation that they lose much of their force. References to pet names, to pet animals, to occurrences on holiday excursions, small accidents or *contretemps,* all these things seem to jump to the memory when an effort is made to think of some identifying message; and although *names* are rather difficult to get clearly and correctly, through the majority of mediums, and although the importance of names as evidence may easily be overestimated, still names too are often given, especially names of an intimate and private character.

Another kind of thing especially liable to stimulate and influence early messages is the keen desire apparently felt to relieve the minds of survivors of some

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anxiety, some suspicion, some misunderstanding, or some trouble, which is casting a shadow over their lives. To such things departed friends seem peculiarly sensitive, and often make great and energetic efforts to bring comfort to a particular person whom they perceive to be thus afflicted.

How they know, may well seem to be a puzzle; but of course such things are obscurely felt also in this life, and they may come into more prominence and arouse more remorse when easy opportunity of explanation is ended. I should judge that remorse is rather a notable feature of the discarnate mental state, if there is good cause for it; and that the feeling may be akin to that sadly felt by us in the night-watches.

The possibility of telepathy, also, whereby mental impressions of deep-seated character may influence other minds, seems likely to furnish another way in which feelings of this kind may hypothetically be aroused. Whatever the method, perception of sentiments of survivors is undoubtedly a fact; and one great merit of the communications received in such cases is the relief and comfort they have brought to the feelings of those on both sides of the veil.

In this time of widespread distress such messages are very necessary, and they are numerous. In all sorts of ways they come. Youths struck off in full vigour of manhood are not likely to rest contented if they find their loved ones sorrowing unduly for their loss, and spoiling what remains of their lives here. They may be sceptical of their power to get through—they often are; but if by the help of friends, or by any other means, they come to perceive the possibility, they will strain every nerve to awaken in those still here a corresponding desire; so that in some form or other, sooner or later, communion, it may be of a very subjective character, can be accomplished.

In a book on *Life and Death** I give examples of messages which prove the survival of personal identity, and of memory and affection and character, beyond death. I give examples indeed of family conversations which have been held with the departed; but these must be considered and treated as a whole: it is not useful or fair to pick out bits and quote them out of their setting. There is no need for such conversations to be too frequent or too persistent. Once those on both sides are made fully aware of undying interest and affection, the few years of separation can be endured; and the main work of life, whether on that side or on this, can be attended to.

The value and importance of the present terrestrial existence is fully recognised by our friends on the other side, and it would be a poor return for the privilege of occasional communication, and an especially ungrateful recognition of the noble and self-sacrificing spirit in which so many at the present time have gone to death, if lamentation for them, or even an eager desire for communion, were allowed to sap energy or interfere with the full activity of every kind of service such as is possible in the present grade of existence.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—"RAYMOND, OR LIFE AND DEATH," IN WHICH THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES COMMUNICATIONS WITH HIS SON, RAYMOND LODGE, KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE.

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HENRY JAMES

BY THEODORA BOSANQUET

IN THAT preface to Rupert Brooke's *Letters from America,* which was the last piece of work done by Henry James, he assures us that "the chances and changes, the personal history of any absolute genius, draw us to watch his adventure with curiosity and inquiry, lead us on to win more of his secret, and borrow more of his experience (I mean, needless to say, when we are at all critically minded)." It is under the protection of those words that I have put together these notes about one of the finest literary artists of our time, for they constitute in themselves a refutation of the theory that the only thing that should concern us about an artist is his accomplished work. The contention, that the gifted fellow-creature through whose passion and perseverance we are brought into relation with a work of art should be for us nothing more than the crystal lens of our vision, is met by the consideration that however fine the lens may be the light it transmits is not the white blaze that came down from heaven. The ray emerges coloured, and often highly coloured, by the temperament it has passed through. It is by understanding the temperament that we may best understand what it has given us; and in no way is a man more temperamentally himself than in his relation to his chosen and cherished art and craft.

I

It surely says much for the permanence of early impressions that if at any time I unexpectedly see or hear the name of Henry James I am aware at once of a certain unmistakable atmosphere. For though that name comes to me always trailing dense clouds of memories and associations, the immediately perceived atmosphere is not one that to my mature sense markedly characterised either himself or his work. It is compounded altogether of lightness and brightness and sunshine over open spaces, and I can account for it only by remembering that it was just such a clear translucent air that bathed my first meeting with him in the pages of a little paper-coated volume taken from a bookshelf in my father's study on an afternoon when I was looking vaguely about for "something to read." Although the ceiling of the study in the old "adapted" Devonshire farmhouse we lived in was comfortably low, the top shelf in question was too high for a girl of not more than twelve or thirteen years to explore its possibilities without the aid of a slippery three-legged stool. It was bristling with possibilities—a sort of literary bran-pie of odd volumes. There were gathered together all the books that for reasons of shabbiness or multiplication or singularity had no obvious claim on the hospitality of any other shelf. I suppose *The Europeans* was tucked among those waifs and strays because no other member of its family circle was lodged in our house at that time. At any rate, there I found it, wedged affectionately between Bellamy's *Looking Backwards* and *Mosses from an Old Manse.*

It would be idle to pretend that reading *The Europeans* marked for me an epoch of discovery. I read it to the end without any precocious comprehension of the actions and the motives of the irresponsible Felix and the sophisticated Eugenia. What I did absorb was a sense of atmosphere, and that I still retain. I can account for it in no other way, for it is impossible that anything sunlit and gay should have resulted from my second and more deeply impressive encounter with Henry James. This

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took place half a dozen years later, when a friend confided to me the distressing fact that she had entirely lost her nerve for facing the hours of darkness because her mind was obsessed by the horror of a tale she had lately read called "The Turn of the Screw," by a writer "called Henry James." To my fascinated inquiries about the nature of the horror she replied that the thing was a ghost story concerning the haunting of two little children by "a butler and a governess." I recall even now my immediate conviction that if the ghosts took those forms the story surely could not be so very horrid. The butlers of fiction were as incorrigibly comic as the governesses were pathetic—more incorrigibly, indeed, for governesses were sometimes designing, but butlers never. But that account of Peter Quint was, of course, an error. If my friend had spoken of him as a valet or, following Mrs. Grose, as a "body-servant," I should never have questioned his sinister capacity. It was abundantly evident as soon as I had read the story, and my friend, who had lent me the volume with engaging eagerness, was delighted to learn that my nights were as horror-stricken afterward as her own had been. To the charm of the heroine of "Covering End," the second tale bound up in the book, I succumbed more happily. She seemed to me the most radiant creature that had ever danced over printed pages, and her spell was beautifully explained many years later when her creator told me that he had originally conceived the character for impersonation by Miss Ellen Terry.

After *The Two Magics* there was no more room for doubt about books written by Henry James. He took his place as a writer to be read whenever one came across him. So I read him as I found him, not at all in chronological order, but by the end of a few years fairly comprehensively. It is the easiest thing for any victim of the visualising habit to form a mental image of a frequently read author, and long before I was offered the astonishing chance of a personal meeting with him I had furnished myself with an imaginary portrait. It was an entirely unwarranted portrait. I had nothing whatever to paint it from but the possibility that he might be like some of his own presented studies. I had seen no reproduced photograph and heard no word of description. The only literary figure that had been known to my childish eyes was the picturesque one of Francis Turner Palgrave, and although he was my sole model I never expected that Henry James could look like that. Mr. Palgrave was too typically like a poet. Indeed, none of the present-day poets I have seen reading their verse to enraptured audiences at the Poetry Bookshop has been able to contribute so effective an appearance to the scene as he might have done. The picture I made for myself of the writer of Henry James's novels was of a man rather tall than short, of a slight and nimble figure, clad in inconspicuous grey. The note of grey rather predominated. I saw his hair as straight and fine and silvered. His eyes would be grey, too, deeply set in a long pale face and regarding the world through *pince-nez* glasses adjusted by lean fingers on a discriminating nose. I thought of him as a silent man, embarrassingly full of unspoken observations and criticisms.

It was in the summer of 1907 that I was suddenly confronted not only with the almost incredible prospect of seeing Henry James face to face, but of becoming his literary amanuensis if the preliminary meeting passed off without misfortune. I had heard, by a happy chance, that he would shortly need an amanuensis—a typist to whom he could dictate his literary work—and that the special qualifications required were the ability to spell correctly and to work a Remington typewriter. I was anything but an expert typist, and had the gravest doubts as to the general accuracy of my spelling. Also it had not been at all suggested that I should apply for the post. There was an applicant already in the field, and I was being trained for

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a very different kind of work. But that counted for nothing. The established candidate was strangely unenthusiastic about the prospect before her, was even, it seemed, relieved to look toward another; and when I had made it abundantly clear that no considerations, however serious, and no other career, however speciously profitable, could have a feather's weight set in the scales against that more golden opportunity, it was kindly conceded that I might abandon the course I had set sail on, practise performing on a typewriter, and be "interviewed" by Mr. Henry James.

He astonished me from the moment I nervously stepped into the room where the decisive interview was to take place by contradicting in his own person not merely my preconceptions about himself, but about literary men in general. Whatever he looked like at that first moment it was not like a writer. He had recently passed four months on the Continent and was browned by the Italian sun to a hue that no doubt partly accounted for my quick fancy that he might have been a seafaring man. It was a fancy to which his stout, broad-shouldered figure gave a certain support, though that may only have been for eyes that had known retired naval officers of the same thickset build. I have heard it said, however, that in the days when he wore a beard he might well have been mistaken for a sea-captain. But he had shaved off the beard before ever I saw him, and his face, save for that temporary bronze, was not a sailor's. What was most immediately striking about it was that it belonged essentially to the classical type of dignity and grandeur. Genius is often lodged in strange habitations, while men of a comfortable mediocrity may be burdened by an appearance of rare distinction; but in Henry James the visible features and the informing spirit were fitly joined together. He looked a "great" man, even if he did not unmistakably look a man of letters. He might have been a merciful Cæsar or a benevolent Napoleon, and it was easy to understand how an artist who, a year or two later, painted a profile portrait of him, was able to see in his model a bewildering succession of resemblances to illustrious characters of the world's history suggest themselves during the course of the sittings.

If it was disconcerting it was also comforting to find my prospective employer so unlike the portrait imagination had drawn. Here were none of the critical angles and judicial pauses I had looked for. He was all generous curves and benign reassurances. His keen eyes needed no lens to help them to focus the palpitating young person entering the room, and that was in itself a relief. It was somehow encouraging, too, that the clothes he was wearing were gayer than the flat neutral tint I had taken for granted. I remember thinking as I noted an expanse of brightly checked waistcoat that he would have been well suited by some earlier style of costume, that a liberal silk cravat and handsome purple coat would have looked much more right for him than the undistinguished garments of this century.

It was quite in keeping with the general effect of amplitude and abundance that he should immediately show himself to be kind and considerate and unquestioning. There can seldom have been any kind of interview, indeed, conducted with fewer inquiries. I think he asked me nothing at all after he had been assured that I was the expected applicant. He had been told something about me, no doubt, beforehand. He had applied to the friend who had previously provided him with typists, and had taken her word for my being sufficiently the right young woman. How little hope he had of any young woman I was soon to discover. For my part I had nothing to ask. I wanted to go down to work a typewriter at Rye on any terms—and I cannot remember that the pecuniary ones were so much as hinted at by either of the parties to the interview. But if I had wished to put any questions to him it would have

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been hard to find a good opportunity, for the strong, slow stream of his deliberate speech flowed over me without ceasing. He had it on his mind to tell me everything possible and relevant about the conditions of life and labour at Rye, and he did so at length, with hesitations and amplifications innumerable, but without ever really stopping. What he particularly wished to place before me was the probability that I should find Rye very dull!

II

Six weeks later—weeks during which I diligently practised ticking out passages from *The Ambassadors* on a superannuated Remington machine—I went to take up my duties at Rye. The duties began each morning at a quarter-past ten, when I pushed up the inner latch ingeniously attached to the big brass knocker of the front door of Lamb House and walked straight upstairs to the little square, green-panelled room where Henry James worked on winter mornings. It was a perfect room for winter, small enough to be comfortably warm on the coldest days and catching every ray of the gentle south-coast sunshine through a wide, southward window. There was a smaller window for the afternoon sun, doubly glazed against the force of the westerly gales. Three tall bookcases and two big desks and an easy chair took a heavy toll of the available space, but left enough uncumbered floor for a restricted amount of the pacing about that was conducive to literary composition. On warm summer days Henry James preferred working in the big, light "garden-room," where there was a longer stretch for perambulation and where the main window overlooked the little cobbled street that curved past his front door. He liked to be able to see whatever might be taking place in the street, or sometimes to hail a passing friend; he enjoyed watching motor-cars pant up the sharp little hill and turn down toward the Mermaid Inn. The sight of one could always be counted on to draw from him some vigourous expression of amazement, admiration, or horror for the complications of an age that had produced such monstrous annihilators of protective distance.

The hours between breakfast and luncheon, from about half-past ten to a quarter to two, were the only ones that Henry James liked to spend at fresh creative work. He seldom made the effort in the evening unless he was very hard pressed to finish something. But every sort of work that was not so wholly a strain on the imagination he did in the evening, including all the exhausting labour of proof-reading.

The business of fulfilling my function as the medium between the spoken and the written word was from the first full of interest and fascination, though for a few weeks it was also a mild terror. I was desperately afraid of misspelling the words he dictated, and was by no means at my ease with the new pattern of Remington machine he had just bought. But his patience during my struggles with the baffling mechanism of the typewriter was unfailing, and he was as easy to spell from as an open dictionary. Years of dictation had apparently taught him that it was unsafe to leave the spelling of any polysyllabic word to chance. He took pains to pronounce each pronounceable letter; he always spelled out homophonous words, no matter how clear the meaning in the given instance might be, and he never left any punctuation mark unuttered, except sometimes by inadvertence that important point, the full stop. In short, he wisely and safely assumed dense ignorance on the part of his human medium of expression and I can remember even feeling slightly aggrieved on the very first morning of dictation by his careful spelling out of *The Newcomes,* to which he added, for my benefit, that it was a name written in one word and was the title of a novel by Thackeray.

I do not know exactly when Henry James began the practice of dictating his

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work, but I think it must have been in 1895 or 1896. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is no doubt right in his suggestion that the habit had a marked effect on his style, which became as the years went by more and more like "copious, involved, labyrinthine talk." He perfectly recognised the effect himself; to a certain extent he even deplored it. "I tend," he once said, "to be too diffuse when I'm dictating." He found, however, that dictation was not only an easier but also a more inspiring method of composition than writing with his own hand, and considered that the increased facility more than made up for any loss of concision. It seemed to me very curious that he should find dictating easy, considering his perpetual apprehension that what he said might be wrongly taken down. It was strange that the constantly felt necessity for spelling out his words and uttering his punctuation was not a fatal impediment to the expression of his thought, but there can be no doubt of the fact. "It seems," he explained, "to be so much more effectively and unceasingly *pulled* out of me in speech than in writing." And at the time when I began to work for him he had arrived at a stage at which the click of the Remington machine acted as a positive spur. He found it much less easy to work to the accompaniment of any other make of typewriter than the one he was used to—other kinds sounded different notes; and it was almost impossibly disconcerting for him to dictate to something that made no responsive sound at all. Occasionally, if he were ill and in bed, I might take down a note in handwriting, but he preferred to have the typewriter moved into his room for even the shortest letters. There were, however, certain kinds of composition that he found himself obliged to work at with a pen. Plays, and short stories, if they were to remain within the bounds of possible publication in a magazine, he usually wrote by hand, knowing that the manual labour of writing would be his best aid to the desired brevity. The short stories he would afterward dictate, and probably expand, from his manuscript draft. Plays he preferred to have copied straight from the manuscript. He was too much afraid of exceding "the murderous limits of the English theatre" if he allowed himself any opportunity for further embroidery.

His method of writing what may be called full-length novels was different and extremely interesting. He liked to "break ground" by talking to himself day by day about the characters and the construction until the whole thing was clearly before his mind's eye. This preliminary talking-out of the scheme was, of course, duly recorded by the typewriter. He had always, as he so often affirmed, "dramatised" his material, and he tended more and more, I think, to prefigure his tales as staged drama—to see the whole thing in acts and scenes with the persons of the drama making their observed entrances and exits. These scenes he worked out until he knew so much about the action that he could begin on the actual writing of the novel—a process that I have seen described, incorrectly, as a redictation from a first draft. It was really nothing of the kind. He did not enlarge and amplify a rough sketch of his novels after the manner of Balzac. His method might better be compared with Zola's habit of writing long letters to himself about the characters in his next book until they became alive enough for him to begin the tale about them. The thirty thousand words or so of typewritten scheme dictated by Henry James contained none of the phraseology of the novel he was going to write from it. It was really just an ample *scenario* for the proposed drama. It was also an extraordinary record of inspiration, for I doubt if any writer has ever been more fully conscious of each step along the path of illumination or given more articulate utterance to the whole process of this experience. In *The Death of the Lion* he has himself described a scheme of the kind, attributing its authorship to Neil Paraday, the victim al-

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ready doomed to be sacrificed on the altar of renown. "Loose, liberal, confident, it might have passed for a great gossiping, eloquent letter—the overflow into talk of an artist's amourous plan." So he mapped out his design. But he mapped it out, at the same time, with the fullest recognition that at closer quarters with his subject he might more often than not find it refusing to be confined within the architectural limits provided. "In the intimacy of composition," as he remarked, "pre-noted arrangements, proportions, and relations do most uncommonly insist on making themselves different by shifts and variations, always improving, which impose themselves as one goes and keep the door open always to something *more* right and *more* related. It is subject to that constant possibility, all the while, that one does pre-note and tentatively sketch."

For the two volumes of memories, *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother,* he dictated no preliminary notes. He plunged straight into the stream of the past, without a doubt or a hesitation. The reading over each morning of the pages written the day before was all the stimulus needed to start him on a fresh effort to render adequately the depth and the delicacy of his early impressions. After about an hour of conscious effort he would often be caught on a rising wave of inspiration and would get up from his armchair and pace up and down the room, sounding out his periods in tones of resonant assurance. He was then beyond the reach of unconnected sights or sounds. Hosts of cats—a tribe usually routed at the first cry, with shouts of execration—might wail outside the window; phalanxes of dreaded motor-cars bearing incursive visitors might hoot at his door. He was impervious to them. The only thing that could arrest him was the escape of the word he wanted to use. When that had gone he paused, he left off walking about the room, and, standing by a bookcase or chimneypiece tall enough for him to support his arms on it, he rested his head in his hands and audibly pursued the fugitive.

III

When I first went to Rye, in the autumn of 1907, Henry James was engaged in the immense business of preparing his novels and tales for the big, definitive New York edition which was published in 1909. The mornings he devoted to dictating the illuminating prefaces, the interesting series of apologies prefixed to each of the works contained in that far from complete collection. Concurrently with this "inventive" work of the morning, the mass of arduous labour entailed by the careful revision of the included writings was performed in the evening. This revision was a task he had seen in advance as extremely formidable, one of the chief difficulties being that he had considerably forgotten his early work. Far from ever reposing, even for an instant, on any laurels already won, Henry James was always eagerly pressing forward. His statement that "to get and to keep finished and dismissed work well behind one, and to have as little to say to it and about it as possible, had been for years one's only law," was the absolute truth. If the question of the definitive edition had not come up, he would never have given another glance at the tales of his younger time. The thing he was going to write next always shone more splendidly before him than anything he had already achieved. And he was also conscious that his way of seeing and rendering a situation had greatly changed since the days when he was writing his early and more generally popular books. It had changed so much that he had come to believe that his younger productions would prove to be, from his later æsthetic standpoint, almost unreadably bad. On a morning when he was obliged to give the hours to making a selection among some of the shorter tales for one of the forthcoming volumes, he confessed that the difficulty of selection was mainly the difficulty of

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reading them at all. "They seem," he declared, "so bad until I *have* read them that I can't force myself to look at them except with a pen in my hand, altering as I go the crudities and ineptitudes that to my sense deform each page." But when he had managed, by dint of treating each page as a proof-sheet, to read the older stories, he was relieved to find them, as a rule, really much better than he had feared. They were perhaps not, after all, he decided, the disgrace to his more mature artistic self that he had been persuaded they must be.

But he has himself dealt in the preface to *The Golden Bowl* with the whole debatable question of this "revised version," and there is no need to insist here on his point of view. Many of his readers have protested against the drastic pruning of old shoots and grafting of new ones on the fine old stock of the novels and tales they have known from far back. They have particularly denounced the imposition of a later system of punctuation, and it has to be admitted that, logical and orderly as Henry James's fully evolved scheme of punctuation was, it sometimes fails to guide us to an immediate understanding of his meaning. He was occasionally misled himself. But anyone who takes the trouble to collate the earlier forms of the revised tales with the later can hardly fail, I think, to be struck by the increased vividness, the quality of life, the richer effect of atmosphere that has generally been gained. Sometimes this gain is at the expense of ease and smoothness. The final form is not so pretty, but it is ever so much more alive. It is not so pretty because, as the years went by, he became increasingly anxious to render adequately the whole truth and depth of his perceptions rather than to sketch a graceful surface. There are artists for whom beauty is truth, and others for whom truth is beauty. It was to the latter class that Henry James essentially belonged. His struggle was always to stretch his power of expression to the compass of the things he saw and felt; and it seemed to him, when he re-read his forgotten stories, that he had missed in writing them countless precious opportunities for rendering vision and feeling which the process of revision allowed him at last to retrieve. His labour was untiringly devoted to bringing out the visual values and to substituting wherever he could some definite sharp image for early loose vagueness. In "The Madonna of the Future," a tale published in 1879, a sentence in the original form runs: "His professions, somehow, were all half-professions, and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background." In the New York edition this is converted to: "His professions were practically, somehow, all masks and screens, and his personal allusions, as to his ambiguous background, mere wavings of the dim lantern." That is a representative sample of the kind of thing he was trying to do to every tale he touched with his revising pen. Another sentence from the same story began as: "He turned upon me almost angrily, but, perceiving the genial flavour of my sarcasm, he smiled gravely." In its final form it is: "He turned upon me at first almost angrily—then saw that I was but sowing the false to reap the true."

But the writing of explanatory prefaces and the revision of stories and novels was far from being the complete tale of literary labour even of the years when preparation for the edition was most actively going forward. The years 1907 and 1908 were bright with the promise of a new era for English drama. Valiantly led by Miss Horniman, the advocates of the repertory system were marching forward, capturing one by one the intellectual centres of the provinces. Henry James was quickly responsive to the appeal for non-commercial drama. The theatre had always allured him, even if it had also repelled. He had in earlier years written such plays as *Covering End* and *The Other House*, only to find them unproducibly on his hands, and he had thereupon "economically," as he said, turned them into

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works of fiction, "embedding the dialogue of the plays in a certain amount of descriptive commentary." A few attentive readers had guessed the origin of *Covering End,* or had, at any rate, recognised its dramatic possibilities, and when it was suggested to the author that he should re-write it as a three-act comedy to be performed by Mr. Forbes Robertson (as he then was) and Miss Gertrude Elliott, he willingly assented. The play, re-named *The High Bid,* was not produced in London until February, 1909, and then only for a series of *matinées,* for the prodigious success of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* precluded the possibility of an evening run for any other production under the same management. But in the meantime Henry James had felt encouraged to embark on other play-writing experiments. For a writer who had consistently seen his subjects in a dramatic light it was not difficult to put them into strictly dramatic form. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to turn *The Other House* back again into a tragedy. It was scarcely less easy to take other published tales and make plays of them. The story of the exhibition of moral courage leading to the victorious death of the boy named with grim propriety "Owen Wingrave" was made into a one-act play, *The Saloon,* which was produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Little Theatre in 1910. Finally, in 1909, an entirely new three-act comedy, entitled *The Outcry,* was written. Highly topical in its subject, it was meant for production at a London theatre pledged to a repertory season. The play was not produced. At the time when it should have been rehearsed Henry James was seriously ill and he afterward went to America. When he returned the day of repertory performances in London had died in a fresh night of stars. *The Outcry,* like some of its predecessors, was published, not as a play, but as a novel.

It is almost literally true to say of the sheaf of stories collected in *The Finer Grain* that they were written in response to a request for a single short story for *Harper's Monthly Magazine.* The desired length was, I think, about five thousand words, and each budding idea for a tale was cultivated in the optimistic hope that it might produce a flower too slight and frail to demand any exhaustive attention from the author. But each in turn insisted, even under the pressure of being written by hand, on developing to lengths that no amount of lopping or chopping could reduce to the Procrustean word limit. The tale eventually sent to the editor of *Harper's Monthly* was the appealing portrait of "Crapy Cornelia," and I seem to remember that though it was the shortest of the batch it could appear only in two halves, printed in successive numbers of the magazine.

The two volumes of memories, *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother,* written after Henry James came back from the United States in 1911, were composed chiefly in London. He had by that time come back, after many seasons of country solitude, to his earlier love of the friendly London winter. During the first winter after his return he lodged at the Reform Club and repaired every morning to a room in an old house in Chelsea, which he had taken for his working hours and arranged as a study. It was a narrow, rather dark little room—it was his habit to allude to it as "my Chelsea cellar." But even under these gloomy conditions the charm of Chelsea worked its spell on him, and he decided to make a new London home for himself in that neighbourhood. He took a flat on Cheyne Walk, and there, in a big room overlooking a clear stretch of the river, he worked for the remainder of his time. He still spent the summer months at Rye; he was there when war began, engaged on a novel which he immediately abandoned because he felt it impossible to go on with such "utterly irrelevant" work. The only thing he felt able to turn to, after he had recovered sufficiently from that tremendous shake of the ground under his feet to be able

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to turn to anything at all, was the beginning of what was intended to be a third volume of reminiscences. The fragment that he wrote—he had meant to call the book *The Middle Years*—holds the sure promise that it would have been one of the most charming and valuable of his works. He laid it aside, however, to do work that seemed to be more immediately pressing. A novel begun many years before was taken up again because its subject was so independent of contemporary history that he found it possible to revert to it even during the war. But whenever an appeal came for him to write something in aid of one of the great works of charity called into being by war, whenever he felt that he could bear effective witness to his complete and ardent sympathy with the cause of the Allies, he set aside everything else to reaffirm his emphatic testimony. He was never for a single moment a benevolent neutral, but always a belligerent ally, and the action which made him an Englishman in name as well as in feeling was but the final seal to his firm signature.

IV

For readers of his books it may well seem superfluous to lay any stress on the fact that his hours of work were what Henry James lived for. But if a man scarcely ever mentions the passion of his life, if he cultivates the art of conversation to a high pitch and yet is never to be heard conversing of that, the people among whom he chiefly moves and talks may not unnaturally thrust into the background of their view of him an object he himself leaves discreetly veiled and shrouded. And Henry James, exhaustively communicative on every other topic of his talk, maintained about his writing a marked reserve. This was not at all because he was indifferent to what his friends thought of it. He cared very much what they thought, too much to run the risk of feeling that he had not been completely understood. Invariably touched by any evidence that his books had been intelligently read and appreciated, he never sought such evidence for himself. He found it safest to assume that nobody read him, and he liked his friends and acquaintances none the less for that. His enjoyment of human intercourse was unclouded by any breath of that uncomfortable consciousness known as an "author's vanity." And no man ever more keenly appreciated the beauty of a formed relation or kept more fresh his power of forming new ones to the end. But this very extremity of apparent disconnection from his work induced in him at times a corresponding extremity of loneliness. Meanwhile, the volumes of his published works piled themselves up year by year —visible, palpable, readable proofs of those unceasing travails of the creative spirit that was always labouring behind the barrier of his silence.

The lives of men of genius have too often resolved themselves into a desperate struggle between inner and outer necessity. Their temperamental need to express what is in them has been pitted against the need to make money, the need to be a satisfactory husband and father, the need to compromise with the claims of a neglected body and an overworked brain for rest and refreshment. From these hindering pressures Henry James was noticeably free. The economic basis of life is recognised in this country in so gentlemanly and unobtrusive a manner that it sometimes seems to escape attention altogether, and biographers and novelists alike leave us wondering how their interesting subjects managed to "live." The people of Henry James's own novels exist, for the most part, on imagined incomes which are at least ample for the provision of opportunities for enjoying travel and leisure, for visiting in expensive country houses, and for making suitably clad appearances in the best society. The pursuit of riches beyond that necessary minimum is certainly branded as wrong, by implication if not by open admission. By that sin fall many of the worldly, predatory actors in his dramas, however splendidly

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they may blaze on their descent. The whole course of his life showed him to be without the least taint of the sordid passion. But, like his finer creations, he never lacked a liberty that rested on an income sufficient to gratify his taste for a life of impressions and appreciations. He had never known a time when the expense of travel was prohibitive; when hansoms or motor-cars, gondolas or vetture, were not at his service; when a struggle for the means to live obscured, even for a moment, his lucid vision of the ends for which life should be lived. His fundamental economic independence of his work enabled him to fashion it in the mould he desired, irrespective of the demands of the market.

From domestic anxieties he was also to a great extent free. No wife or child shared his hearth, and though his relatives in the United States enjoyed the highest measure of his affection and interest, the wide stretch of the Atlantic Ocean prevented his time or energy from being greatly occupied with family claims. If he had to consider his health carefully, he had, at any rate, the good fortune to possess, as the supporting ground of his rich consciousness, a really strong constitution. He was often suffering from various definite indispositions, but he had none of the frail delicacy that we almost expect to find in men of letters. He rallied quickly from illness, he threw off minor complaints with ease, and he was quite remarkably free in later life from headaches or any of those lesser sensations of cerebral discomfort which few brain-workers escape. He gave his freshest hours to his work, but until the last year or so of his life he had an ample fund of energy left over for the rest of the day. But it was a fund that he never squandered on irrelevant objects. However divided his hours might seem to be between the divergent pursuits of the ideals of literary art and social amenity, there can never have lived a man who did one thing all the time more consistently than Henry James. Other men whose prime business is thought and its expression find recreation and refreshment in occupations quite outside the domain of their work. They play golf or fell trees; they study Sanscrit or carve wood or collect postage stamps. Henry James did none of these things. He had a profound belief in the virtues of air and exercise. He liked to be out walking on fine afternoons, and he was expert at making a walk of two or three miles last for as many hours by his habit of punctuating movement with frequent and prolonged pauses for meditation or conversation. He liked the exhilaration of motion in a motor-car; it gave him, he said, "a sense of spiritual adventure." But these forms of exercise were so little of an interruption to concurrent mental activity that it would almost be true to say that except during the hours he was actually asleep, his mind was working in one unchanging way. He might be reading or talking or thinking; but he read critically, he talked expressively, and he thought creatively. That is only another way of saying that he was incessantly occupied with the business of receiving and analysing, appraising and transmitting, the impressions he so eagerly received from the bountiful hand of life. Nothing of all that he perceived and assimilated was likely to be lost. Sooner or later it would reappear, wrought into a fabric of glowing phrase. He spent a long life at that one task. It was natural enough that as a result of this economy of energy, this restriction of effort to one supreme end, he became in time more copiously expressive than could well be realised by anyone who did not hear him talk. He is said to have been rather silent as a young man, to have been too busy taking things in to have much to give forth immediately. His medium then was rather exclusively the pen. But as the years passed he more and more enjoyed and cultivated the pleasure of conversing; and his manner of speech, assisted no doubt by his practice of dictating his work, became so inveterately characteristic that his inquiries about luggage from a railway porter or lobsters from a fish-

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monger might easily be recognised as coined in the same mint as his addresses to the Academic Committee. Bewildering at times to the uninitiated, his talk was a constant delight to those who had ears to hear it, and no pious pilgrim to the shrine of his genius can ever have left it without feeling himself surprisingly rewarded. Meetings with admired contemporaries too often bring with them the flatness of disillusion, but Henry James was never disillusioning. He was always and strikingly distinguished.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS
BENNETT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

GRIST-MILL of the Five Towns;
Baker of so many loaves,
So finely kneaded and so large
That they have startled America
Into overwhelming him with praise;
Brilliant, versatile, diffuse,
With an amusing nose
For the picaresque;
Perhaps too self-complacent,
Like his mouth. . . .
Our fault, for we gild our laurels,
Forgetting, like himself,
That his is "the way of all flesh."

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

LLEWELLYN, PRINCE OF CAMBRIA

A Welsh Ballad

Llewellyn stood at his palace door,
  And a frown was on his face.
"Farewell," he cried to his new-wed bride,
  Farewell for a little space!

"Sith you deny me a dole of love
  For the gift of my princely name,
I'm forth to seek me a love that will,
  Though it be a love of shame."

Llewellyn he turned from his palace gate,
  Went over the hills away;
He ate of the deer, he drank of the stream
  For many a livelong day.

Llewellyn rose from his bed of leaves
  One morn when the mists were red,
And he was ware of a woman's form
  Stood high on a cliff o'erhead.

This woman was clad in the dun deer-skin,
  But one white breast was bare,
And kilted was she above the knee,
  And loose was her red-gold hair.

*"*The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.*

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The sun rose behind her out of the east,
And she glowed like a flame of fire,
And she stretched her arms toward Llewellyn there
Till he trembled with sweet desire.

Then up leapt he right wantonly
And ran to her where she stood,
But she waved her hand, and turned and fled
Through the dark of the tangled wood.

The woman ran and Llewellyn ran
Through bush and byre and brake,
O'er many a craggy mountain-ridge,
Round many a quiet lake.

And twice when Llewellyn stopped to breathe
In the heat of the breathless noon
The woman turned and looked at him
Till his strong heart reeled in a swoon.

They ran all day and they ran at eve
By the light of the first wan star,
For Llewellyn followed her red-gold hair
That gleamed in the dusk afar.

They came at length to a narrow glen
Where the cliff rose sheer overhead.
The woman she sank in a huddled heap
And hid her face as in dread.

Llewellyn came up and looked at her
While her panting shoulders heaved,
He heard the sob of her deep-drawn breath,
And his heart was well-nigh grieved.

"Oh prize that the speed of my feet hath won,
Come yield with a right good grace!
You wakened my love, you may still my love.—
Turn round and show your face!"

She answered him, and her voice was low,
But welcome unto his ear;
"What vow will you vow if I turn to you,
For my bosom is faint with fear.

"If you would have me to show my face
And yield to you frank and free,
You must pass your troth you never will bed
With woman unless with me.

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"If you would master a woman's love,
You must yield to a woman's pride,
For I have a knife within my hand
That else will pierce my side."

Llewellyn raised the cross of his glaive
And a mighty vow made he:
"Be God my help as I keep this troth,
If you will but yield to me!"

The woman laughed with a bitter laugh:
"A mighty oath you make;
But you vowed as deep to your wedded wife,
And now that vow you would break."

"If I vowed as deep to my wedded wife,
'Twas my father that bade me to;
But now I have won a bride of my own,
And my vow to her is true."

She has turned her round, she has shown her face
On the greensward where she lay;
And he has kneeled him to look on her,
For the evening light was grey.

He has seen the eyes of his own sweet wife,
He has seen her red mouth smile.
He has bowed his head to the dewy grass
And cried, "Woe worth the while!

"For I am shamed that I did not know
The fairest woman alive,
But treated her ill and spoke her harsh
Because I was forced to wive."

She has drawn his body into her arms,
Has kissed him on cheek and brow;
"Sith you have won a bride of your own,
Be faithful to your vow."

"What made you refuse my love before,
If now you love me so.
And why did you stain your black, black hair
A hue that I could not know?"

"Oh the love of yours I refused before
Was a love a woman would scorn,
For the love of yours I refused before
Was a love whence hate is born.

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"And I did stain my black, black hair
And put off my robes of pride
That you might strive as never you strove
Ere you won me for your bride.

"For the love that falls like fruit from the tree
Will lightly be thrown away,
But the love that is bought with a man's whole strength
Will haply last for aye."

She drew his breast to her bosom then,
His lips unto hers she drew;
"You have vowed your vow, you have won me now,
And I will yield to you."

EXILES

The sick crusader watches
Through the window the fall of snow;
She stands under the palm-trees watching
The slow black caravans go.

She sees him by the window watching
The vacant snow-flakes fall;
He sees her in the hot sun standing
Sorrowful, white, and tall.

She hears him through the snow telling her
All in his heart to tell—
Beneath the moveless palm-trees
In the dead glare at the well.

IN LATE SPRING

I mark me how to-day the maples wear
A look of inward burgeoning and I feel
Colours I see not in the naked air,
Lance-keen, and with the little blue of steel.

No bud is forth nor green abroad and yet
Air seems to wait with raiment for earth's flowers;
Come, then, ungarmented, thou violet,
And take thy purple of the tiring hours.

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BRITLINGLAND

BY JOHN BLUNT

BRITLINGLAND bids fair to become as famous as Dickensland. Mr. Wells has disclosed in his great novel the whereabouts of a little countryside hidden away in the secluded uplands of Essex, where few strangers come unbidden. To the ordinary person Essex is a flat undesirable country wholly devoid of scenery, atmosphere, romance or character; which shows that Essex is not an open book to everyone. That part of the country now to be known as Britlingland, in reality the Dunmow district, is in the "uplands" on the borders of Cambridgeshire; a rolling, wavy, pleasant, smiling, agricultural neighbourhood, left behind when the world made up its mind to go ahead, and so lying unminded these many generations, perfectly happy to remain unknown and undiscovered by modernity. Dunmow is hundreds of years old. It has one main street, the sides of which are overshadowed by oak-beamed houses and quaint little shops. There is a town clock, which strikes the hours lazily in the morning sun, and jolly fat dogs which pad unhindered through the alleys and by-ways and turnings and lanes of the old-world High Street.

To its citizens Dunmow is a great town nevertheless. It is probably the best known town in Essex County, for it is the Dunmow of the famous Flitch of Bacon. For centuries, year after year, the Flitch has been held, and the custom was kept up until the war came. The Trial for the Flitch of Bacon is a test of conjugal bliss, tempered with good-natured chaff on the part of the Court. Before a judge and jury of Dunmow citizens the married couples of the town plead their cases. To the couple who prove satisfactorily to the judge and jury that they have lived through the whole year without one single quarrel goes the Flitch of Bacon, and it is a fair sight to see the old couples with their wrinkled cheeks and gnarled fingers and laughing eyes as they undergo their cross-examination.

Dunmow remembers the Romans. It was then as important as it is to-day, which is not saying much for all those hundreds of years of activity.

How did Mr. Britling, or rather Mr. Wells, plump himself into this soft bed of ease, this haven for the tired, this simple, pleasant, chromo-lithograph of an ancient countryside, where the people have a vocabulary of a few hundred words, and roses are as necessary to the cottages as the clay in which they thrive? And, further, where did all those people in *Mr. Britling* come so handy to the writer's tool box; characters fitted to their parts and brought in at opportune moments from all the neighbourhood to the bewilderment of the reader, for surely never have so many varied and interesting characters been put on the platform at once?

The answer is simple. Britlingland grew out of a ghost story told in a romantic, old-moated Tudor House a few miles from "Matchings Easy," which is Britling for Little Easton.

At Horham Hall, which was once the home of Burleigh, with whom lodged Princess, afterward Queen, Elizabeth, lived for some years Mr. Lancelot Cranmer-Byng, whom Britling readers will better recognise in Mr. Laurence Carmine. Mr. Byng began twenty years ago to lay the foundation of Britlingland by having *al fresco* house parties at his picturesque mansion, where ghost stories were acted and their fame was spread to literary circles in London. He moved later into a pretty cottage by the banks of the river Chelmer, where may be seen some relics of the various an-

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"MR. MANNING'S" LITTLE COTTAGE—THE BRITLINGLAND COUNTRY HOME OF MR. RALPH D. BLUMENFELD, EDITOR OF THE LONDON "DAILY EXPRESS"

MR. WELLS'S HOME AND THE FAMOUS HOCKEY FIELD

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cestors who have gone to their last account in rather unconventional ways—one of them, Strafford, Charles the First's minister, on the scaffold; Cranmer, the archbishop, by the rather unpleasant method of burning, and Byng, the admiral, on his quarter-deck, *pour encourager les autres*.

a fine country house. Near by also, at Great Easton, resides Mr. S. L. Bensusan, humourist, naturalist and famed writer of *Countryside Chronicles*. He, too, has a gem of an antique house with a wonderful barn, all beams and nooks and corners. All around in this fascinating neighbourhood live the Brit-

THE BRITLINGLAND HOME OF MR. GWYNNE, EDITOR OF THE "MORNING POST"

Presently, some sixteen years ago, the seclusion, the idyllic charm and the mediæval environment drew to one of the cottages a London journalist who had been a visitor and participant in the Horham-Hall ghost stories, Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the *Daily Express,* who is disguised in the book as Manning, a journalist. His little and ancient farmhouse developed year by year into something larger and more comfortable. They have a habit in Britlingland of utilising the centuries-old barns for living purposes. The "Manning" barn of 1610 was added to the "Manning" cottage by the simple process of building a connecting link between them, and so, out of the two, arose

ling people in the loveliest of lovely old houses, and into this backwater of a placid life came one day Mr. Wells as a week-end guest. He, too, fell a victim to the seductions of the countryside, where there were none of the usual drawbacks of other countrysides—no "county" people, no formal invitations to dinner, no receptions, nothing. All you had to do was to get on your bicycle, your trap, your motor-car or your feet and drop into lunch at one of the various interesting homes that had sprung up in the neighbourhood.

There was De Vere Stacpoole, the brilliant writer of that brilliant romance, *The Blue Lagoon;* there was Gwynne, the editor of the *Morning*

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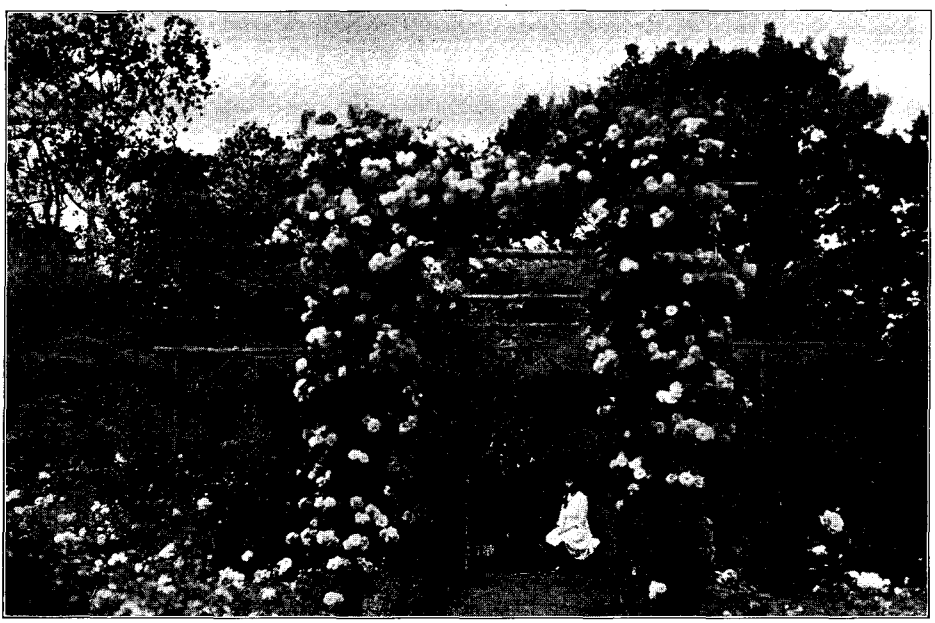
Post, the paper read by butlers and duchesses; there was Lieutenant General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, K.C.B.—the "Colonel Rendezvous" of the book—and his wife, Lady Byng, who has written several first-rate novels; there was Thring, the son of the great schoolmaster of Uppingham; there was Conrad Noel, the most picturesque Christian socialist, and the Countess of Warwick, the most beautiful socialist, and Robertson Scott, the writer, and then others and others still, all living within a radius of a couple of miles. Mr. Wells has taken his characters literally by the scruff of the neck out of his neighbours' houses and put them in his book. From this one he has taken something, to that he has added, but, all found, they are as God made them, to be recognised by all and sundry; though, of course, their conversations are not their own, but Mr. Wells's. His own house at Little Easton is described as faithfully as if it had been photographed—the lawn where the famous hockey matches are played, the old barn with its lovely beams, the water garden and the park beyond belonging to Easton Lodge, where lives "Lady Homartyn," who may or may not be Lady Warwick.

There is nothing finer than his description of the German tutor whose original lines have been retained to the very stiffness of his bow. Herr Heinrich was in reality Herr Kurt Bütow. I shall never forget that Sunday in August, the day before war was declared, when he called to say good-bye. He had been ordered home to Germany. As Mr. Wells says in his book, he did not want to fight: "The hands of fate paused not for Herr Heinrich's embarrassments and distresses. He fretted from his room downstairs and back to his room, he went out upon mysterious and futile errands toward the village inn, he prowled about the garden. His head and face grew pinker and pinker—his eyes more and more distressed. 'I have to go,' he said. 'I must go right up to London to-day . . . then they



THE CORNER FROM WHICH MANNING, THE JOURNALIST, EMERGED AFTER COLONEL RENDEZVOUS' VAIN SEARCH FOR HIM

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will tell me how to get to Germany. I must pack and I must get the taxicab from the junction, and I must go. Why are there no trains on the branch lines on Sundays for me to go by it?' "

" 'All this morning,' said he, 'I have been trying to pack and I am unable to pack. My mind is too greatly disordered.' The taxicab . . . came presently to carry him off, and the whole family and the first contingent of hockey players gathered about to see him off. 'We'll come to the village with you, Herr Heinrich.' . . . 'No,' said he, sitting down into the automobile. 'I will part with you all together—it is too much.' . . .

" 'Good-bye, Herr Heinrich.'

" '*Auf Wiedersehen,* Herr Heinrich.'

" 'Good luck.' . . .

"The taxi started with a whirr . . . the dog-rose hedge cut off the sight of Herr Heinrich's little face. Then the pink head bobbed up again. He was standing up and waving the panama hat . . . careless of sunstroke. . . ."

That was the last we saw of him. The poor fellow probably lies in some unknown soldier's grave in the East, a victim to the brutal war system which be abhorred so much, but to which, like a dutiful Prussian, he paid the full toll.

Mr. Wells and his American motor-car, nicknamed Gladys, are duly drawn upon at the beginning of the book. Indeed, he has not overdrawn his experiences as a motorist. Bent mudguards were a characteristic of his automobile activities, to which the station-master at "Matchings Easy" will testify; and this station-master, with his roses and his garrulous talk, is there for everyone to see and interview. He has become not a little proud of his new-found world notoriety. For years he has sat in his little station watching the three trains that pass him each day, with only occasional stops. When the Amer-

A BRITLINGLAND COTTAGE DINING-ROOM

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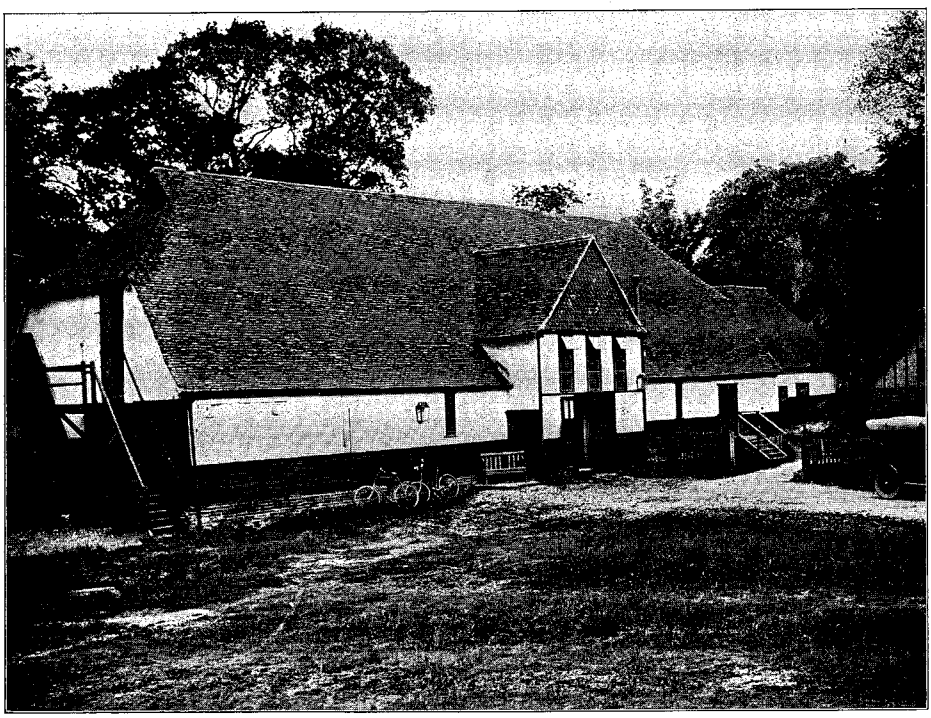
EASTON LODGE, THE HOME OF LADY WARWICK



THE BARN THEATRE WHERE ELLEN TERRY GIVES FREQUENT PERFORMANCES

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ican visitor came to "Matchings Easy" he was amused because at Bishops Stortford they told the engine driver to stop the train at his destination. To-day the station-master is an important personage, who has been interviewed by London reporters for his participation in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. The "man with the side car" is Mr. Voules, the son of Henry Labouchere's *collaborateur* in *Truth*. He lives in a Christmas-card cottage near by; and the baby who is nearly struck by the hockey ball is a real baby who will one day slap his chest and point to the line in the book where his escapade is recorded; and the old parson is there true to life with his desire to be pleasant to everybody, and fulfilling his desire to the letter.

A PLAY BY BRITLINGITES AT "MATCHINGS EASY." COLONEL GIBBONS, D.S.O., MRS. HUGH CRANMER-BYNG AND MR. JOHN GIBBONS REHEARSING "THE FURRINER," A LOCAL PLAY BY MR. S. L. BENSUSAN, ONE OF MR. BRITLING'S NEIGHBOURS. THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE LOCAL CARPENTER'S

They are a quaint people the natives in Britlingland, a people apart from those whom you will find in any other English county; homely, honest and lovable, with a language of their own which is as quaint as they are themselves.

Many of them, in the whole course of their lives, never leave the few miles or so of country which surrounds their native village. There is to-day an old man in "Matchings Easy" who has never seen a railway train. The local carrier, chin-whiskered old veteran, once offered him a lift in his cart into Dunmow, three miles away, to see the one morning train from London come in. The old fellow was indignant. "Come forty year," said he, "I ha' lived in this 'ere little ole village and I 'ont howd wi' these gret ole trines. Time I was a

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boey I ain't never seed or heerd o' they, an' I count I'll go to me little ole funereal wi'out so much as a sight on 'em"—and the old man turned on his heel and walked slowly and with dignity to the patch where his "taters growed" in his little garden. To go to Dunmow to see a train was to go to a "furrin" land. There were no trains when he was a lad. That was enough for him.

So the people of Britlingland keep their old customs and ways and are exactly as they were three hundred years ago. The old families are still there, the old houses still stand. Says Mr. Wells: "Lots of this country here has five- or six-hundred-year-old families still flourishing. That's why Essex is so much more genuinely Old England than Surrey, say, or Kent. Round here you'll find Corners and Fairlies, and then you get Capels, and then, away down toward Dunmow and Braintree, Maynards and Byngs. . . . And there are oaks and hornbeams in the park at Claverings (Easton Lodge) that have echoed to the howling of wolves and the clank of men in armour. All the old farms here are moated because of the wolves, and the cottages still wear thatch. . . . This country is a part of the real England—England outside London and outside manufactures. It's one with Wessex and Mercia or Old Yorkshire—or for the matter of that, Meath or Lothian. And it's the essential England still."

Britlingland is, indeed, a survival of the Middle Ages. It is too far from London to be contaminated by modernity. There are no picture shows except those which are occasionally brought to the Barn Theatre on the estate of Lady Warwick by one or other of the residents. Here, too, at the Barn Theatre there are occasional plays with Ellen Terry as stage director! It is an odd country where you meet Cabinet Ministers as week-end guests in the cottages, and people of world-wide reputation contending away for dear life against children and Britlingites for the honour of a win at Sunday hockey.

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WOMAN THE DAMNABLE—AND WHY

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

EVER since man became vocal in lilting numbers, or, at least, ever since he began to can his language for the benefit of posterity, his words have borne evidence of frequent attacks of irritation, anger, scorn and horror aimed against woman. He has called her damnable, a foul fiend, the deadlier species, the source of all evil and other scathing epithets without number. But when he was not thus calling heaven to witness his loathing for his God-given rib he was pouring upon her torrents of admiration, extolling her goodness to the skies and humbling himself at her feet. His illogical, contradictory attitude toward her has, of course, puzzled and bewildered woman, but it has puzzled man himself still more. He had to account for it in some way, justify himself to himself—and to woman. And so, out of his contradictory rages and ecstasies, like a spider weaving a web out of her own belly, he spun a theory of sex antagonism and brought it triumphantly forth as the explanation of its cause. He found it a most interesting theory, very entertaining to play with and holding out engaging promises of usefulness. Unfortunately for his hopes, woman was not disposed to take his theory, whether as plaything or as prod, with serious attention, and by her attitude invited him to "guess again."

One of him has guessed again, and has hit the bull's eye squarely in the centre. That is, his answer to that old riddle is merely by implication. For Vance Thompson, in his new book on *Woman*,* is not in the least concerned with this particular by-product of the facts with which he deals. But as he marshals his facts and marches on to his conclusions the answer to that old puzzle of masculine psychology is so evident in his exposition that it stands forth like a display advertisement. But for Mr. Thompson these, and a dozen other questions, are merely adventitious matters. What busies him is to find the ultimate cause of woman's unrest, to trace back to their beginning the forces of the feminist movement, to find out why, every now and then through all the ages, woman has broken, or tried to break, out into rebellion against the customs of her time. I have read many, many feminist books, but I must give to Mr. Thompson's *Woman* the credit of being the frankest, truest, simplest and most compact exposition of the causes and the meaning of the feminist movement that has ever come to my attention. It is also the most entertaining in the manner of its writing. Whatever may be your opinion upon the feminist question, Mr. Thompson permits you to have no dull moments. In every paragraph he is either arousing you to red wrath and high indignation or he is stirring you to delighted applause, or bubbling amusement, or admiration of his fertile fancy and nimble wit. It is a picturesque and a provocative book—but it is not likely to provoke in any two people just the same feeling about it.

Briefly, Mr. Thompson finds the explanation of the modern feminist movement and of all of woman's attempted rebellions in the past in the "sex specialisation" man has imposed upon woman, his insistence that she should be a "female being" rather than a "human being." In the author's picturesque phrase, "he thrust her into a sex-coop, precisely as a Strasburg goose is shut up in a coop," and then proceeded to make her "all sex" just as he makes the other "all liver." Mr. Thompson hammers this idea home in any number of ways

*Woman. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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and rings the changes upon his comparison, using his phrase as noun and verb and adjective until the "Strasburg-goosed woman" becomes for him and for the reader a type so comprehensive and vivid that it needs no further description. He goes back beyond the dawn of history into the twilight of legend and ranges down through the centuries, telling how man did his best constantly to "Strasburg-goose" his mate and how woman struggled against the treatment; how sometimes she broke away and what she did when she succeeded for a time, and also what she did when she accepted her coop and took her own revenge.

"If you will look back," says Mr. Thompson, "you will see that all history is gashed and bloodied and poisoned with her fierce and subtle sex adventures. She has taken many a vengeance royal. I should say, rather, that she has taken many a female vengeance, for men had left her merely the weapons of her sex. . . . Almost all the literature made by man is taken up with lyric complaints or dramatised recitals of this subtle warfare the female has waged on his comfort or his life. If he is not bleating his passion, like the senile Goethe, he is snarling his misogyny, like Euripides. . . . Man created this over-sexed thing and it turned and gave him to drink—holding high the jeweled cup of sex-poison. . . . She was precisely what a life of sex-specialisation had made her—a being of mystery and selfishness, treacherous and perverse, source of dreary carnal pleasures and moral tortures, evocatrix of jealousies, turpitudes, crimes; and under her impure suavity lurked the fires of hate, violence, rancour. . . . Two ways of warfare she had: One was, by sex-weapons, to conquer the individual male—and almost all literature, history and art record this epic duel; her second method, foreshadowed in matriarchal septs and Amazonian raids, has been developed chiefly in latter days—the method whereby women unite, in more or less definite organisation, to claim their half-share of humanity. That first method of taking vengeance on the individual man furnishes all the dark and tragic stories of humanity—its infamies haunt the ages. . . . When women united as women—as human beings—their cause took on new aspects of heroism and clean-minded honour."

There have been other writers upon the woman question who have spoken more or less distinctly upon the part the sex-specialisation of woman has played in the bringing about of her unrest. But I do not know of anyone who has so straightly and honestly tracked the culprit to its lair, dragged it forth and held it up to shame and scorn as Mr. Thompson has done. Perhaps he sometimes permits himself a richer colouring or a stronger emphasis of statement than the facts demand. But that is a matter of individual taste and if he sometimes seems a bit florid or whimsical by the same token he is adding to the piquant savour of a very individual book. The fault I find with him is not that he has said too much, but that he has said too little—has not seen the full sweep of his subject. He has kept his gaze too closely upon woman herself and has not looked out widely upon all civilisation and told how it has stewed and sweltered in the reeking atmosphere it has created and poisoned itself with by its insistence upon the sex-specialisation of half its members. Any physician, any sociologist, any first-hand dealer with the world's iniquities knows how vastly many of them grow out of that one evil root. But, after all, Mr. Thompson was not writing a general treatise, but merely trying to find out why woman has been so many times a rebel, what she is rebellious about now, and what she is seeking to attain. So, doubtless, he felt that to enter that larger field would lead him too far astray from his purpose, which is, finally, to make practical application of his conclusions about this matter to the present stage of the woman's cause.

Mr. Thompson evidently believes in the feminist movement very earnestly

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and ardently, believes that it is coming, very soon, to its full fruition and that it will bring about a better world. And so he urges upon women the whole-hearted doing of whatever will help that movement on its way. He urges them to work for the ballot, whose possession, wherever they have it, he says, "has made them better women and made, withal, a comelier world to live in for all three of us: man, woman, child—the eternal triangle." He urges also that women reform their methods of dressing. "I do not care a tuppence," he declares, "how a woman dresses when she is bent on sex-capture. Then she may wear what she pleases. She may put on silks and spangles and all the fallals that she has found, by experience, help to blow a man down. When she goes out dressed like that men will know what she is about—and can take to cover." But if she wants to be a human being rather than a sex being, he tells her, she must throw away the sex badges she has clothed herself in for so long and "dress toward the norm of humanity." "The human dress," he insists, "is for humans occupied with human affairs; it belongs to men and women alike." He sees this forward step of woman partly taken already and he "hails the Human Being coming down the road, woman, breeched and gaitered and coated and capped."

The chapter which Mr. Thompson devotes to this phase of his argument—he calls it "The Battle of the Breeches"—has special interest just at this time when the uniforms, of which breeches are so often a feature, adopted by the women of Europe for war work of one sort or another are having their influence upon the costume of American women. Doubtless to many good souls that very frank chapter will seem not a little like sacrilege and a thing for horrified condemnation. I advise everyone who feels like that upon the first reading to read it over again, to read it a great many times, until, from being a monster of horrid mien, familiarity with its ideas will make them endurable, even, perhaps, admirable. For so might they prepare themselves for what is coming. It has been on its way for a generation, but of late it can be seen advancing more and more rapidly. In my youth I knew a dear, sweet woman who used to tell me how she had been stoned in the streets, years before, because she wore bloomers. That long ago protest against the traditional garb of woman was a most unlovely experiment, but the stones that soon dissuaded its brave wearers were thrown, not because it was ugly and awkward and cumbersome, but because it was a protest, because it was a rebellion, because just simply it was *not* a skirt. Protests and rebellions of this sort nowadays are much more pleasing to the eye and the only stones that are thrown at them are the disapproving words of scandalised good souls, which, somehow, do not strike as forcefully upon the rebellious as they once did. But the biggest and most impelling factor in this imminent evolution in woman's costume is the fact that the hundreds of thousands of women, young and old, who have gone out into the world to help do its work and take their full share in its play feel the need of that change, know how much it will mean to them in comfort and efficiency, are preparing their minds for it and presently some little whim of fate, or accident, or fashion will send them forward with a rush and they will go tramping down the road into the future, "breeched and gaitered and coated and capped," like the pictures one sees of some of the women war-workers of Europe, and all of them wondering why they did not essay the adventure long ago.

To my mind, Mr. Thompson's book, deeply searching and keenly discerning though it is in its discussion of most of the phases of the woman problem, and especially of that vital heart of it all, the age-old sex specialisation of woman, grows evasive and even blind when it comes down to what is to-day the biggest and most difficult practical problem of the whole matter. And that is the

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economic status of married women. He recognises fully the importance of the economic phase of the movement and insists earnestly and pungently upon woman's proven ability to do her full half-share in the work of the world and her right to an equal wage for all her work. But he did not see, or, if he saw, he chose not to discuss the very great importance and the peculiar difficulty of this factor of the problem.

In all the talk about the importance of woman's work in industry, in civic affairs, in the professions, about what she can do and what it is for the best good of civilisation she should attempt to do, the modern world is prone to forget the importance of the work which nobody can do but woman, the work for which she is especially woman. Some day, when the ordinary interests of life begin to lose their savour, I foresee myself leading a crusade round about the world whose purpose shall be to preach the importance of being a woman. The world has heard in its former centuries a great deal of maudlin sentimentality about the power and glory and wonderfulness of motherhood. But nobody believed it, in their hearts, and nobody took it for anything but what it was, mere empty sentimental compliment—one of the candies fed to the Strasburg-goose woman in her sex-coop to keep her contented. But modern investigation and discovery have put the matter into a glowing light. The sciences of biology and hygiene and sanitation and heredity and psychology and pedagogy have shown what a little lump of white clay is the infant in its mother's arms and how wonderfully wise and good and far-seeing and capable she must be if she is to discharge her job of being a mother with anything like the efficiency with which she would have to measure up to any job in the outside working world. As wife and mother and homekeeper she has a responsibility to her own family, primarily, and to society in equal measure so big and of such vital consequence that no other job in the world equals it—not that of any statesman or general or leader of any sort. But she takes it up without knowledge of its duties and responsibilities and possibilities, without training for them, with almost never even the slightest conception of them. She is not to blame, doubtless, for the world heretofore has not considered her special duties of much consequence, her education has not enlightened her about them, and the effect of modern education and training as to the relative values of life has been to minimise the importance of the specially feminine duties, pleasures and responsibilities in comparison with those of work in the outside world.

But even if the importance of the work of a woman as wife, mother and homekeeper is recognised, straightway the question tangles itself up in the mazes of the problem of the economic independence of woman. It goes almost without saying that if woman is to free herself from that sex-coop wherein she has been "Strasburg-goosed" ages without number—the thing that has made her so poisonous to humanity that man has cried out that she was "accursed" and "damnable"—she must be economically independent of man. But how can she be economically independent if she puts in the middle third of her life at a job for the world that brings in no money?

The socialists make theoretical solution of the problem by demanding State pay for mothers. It is a vicious suggestion which would prove a Pandora's box. Too precious to humanity are the ethical values of the father's responsibility to be thus lightly thrown away.

The question states itself concretely something like this: A girl well endowed physically, mentally, morally, spends her youth and young womanhood, just as her brothers do, fitting herself for some self-sustaining work as a physician, or an artist, or a secretary, or a librarian. She has no income but that which she earns, and after a few years of successful work and the freedom of economic independence she marries. What is she to do? Is she to try to combine the duties and responsibilities

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of the special woman's job she has taken upon herself with the earning of an income outside her home, and so be unfair to herself, her husband and her children in order to retain her economic independence? Is she to receive the gift of an "allowance" from her husband that will barely cover the expenses of her household and her own clothing? Is she to ask him for every ten dollars that she needs while she remembers with bitterness the joy of her own earnings?

Nobody, so far as I know, has yet found an answer to this problem that meets adequately all the necessities of the case. For the answer, whatever it is, must be such a method as will enable the woman to conserve her own health, give thought and care and time and knowledge to her most important job of wife and mother and homekeeper, preserve her sense of economic freedom and independence, and lose none of the high, eternal values of close union and co-operation between husband and wife, father and mother. And it must recognise, so emphatically that neither she nor society will ever again lose sight of it, the surpassing importance to civilisation of her job.

When the answer is found and a settlement of the economic status of the married woman provided that does justice to all three sides of "the eternal triangle, man and woman and child," then, I fancy, the last echoes of those old maledictions against woman as the accursed and the damnable will die away, never to be heard again.

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REPRESENTATIVE GHOSTS

BY BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

ONE of my best student writers hung six feet of discouragement over my desk. "What's the matter?" I demanded.

"They tell me down at the office of *The Yearly* there's no use writing ghost stories. They won't sell."

"Oh, won't they? What about Kipling's *Swept and Garnished,* Edith Wharton's *Triumph of Night,* and—"

"Established writers, they say. Only excuse they've got for buyin' 'em."

For the moment I was inclined to waver, but only for a moment. "Young man, what is literature, anyway?"

"But I'm talking about the short story," he persisted, innocent of epigram.

"The short story would not be the popular vehicle it is to-day if it were not a reflection of life."

"But is the ghost story popular?"

"Look through the *Reader's Guide,* at the long list in Mr. O'Brien's *Yearbook—*"

"But isn't it outworn? Didn't John Kendrick Bangs burlesque the type in his *House Boat on the Styx?*"

"A man by the name of Lucian did pretty much the same things some two thousand years ago, in his *Dialogues of the Dead.*"

"Well, of course, now, *I'm* interested in my ghost story—"

"Better go on with it, hadn't you. All great writers have been interested in the supernatural."

How does the ghost story reflect life? inquires the sceptic. Have we not got past the stage of development at which mankind believes in the return of spirits?

Not in the least. Man doubtless will be interested in ghostology until the last of the race has given up the ghost. In the first place, phenomena beyond the probings of philosophy allure man to the supernatural. He sees through a glass darkly. The riddle of the universe, itself, as Lafcadio Hearn puts it, is a ghostly mystery. From curiosity, which cannot be satisfied by mere science, springs an attempt to pierce the darkness and to solve the mystery. Intellect alone creates a supernatural world. In the second place, human affection, grieved at the passing of the beloved, strives to conquer sorrow by envisioning the dead as living anew in some hereafter. Out of that realm, the rustle of a wing or the touch of a hand suffices to comfort. It is but a truism that all heavens are ghostly, from the Elysium of the Greeks to the supernatural plane of Sir Oliver Lodge's Raymond. As a corollary, all hells are ghostly. Desire evokes the heavenly spirit, fear dreads the one from hell.

Besides, there are persons who possess "nerves," persons whose acute sensibilities enable them to see what the average of men and women may not see. Does one not give to them, and to clairvoyants, a certain degree of credence—even though one may dispose of the vision as a mental projection? Does not one discuss the subjective manifestation as though it were in very truth objective?

Finally, how can one doubt the evidence of the camera? "Vicar Says He Took Picture of Ghost. . . . Plate Reveals Old Man. . . . Wraith Has 'Flowing Beard and Abundant Hair.'" These are headlines from the *New York Times,* March 21, 1916.

From the above brief suggestions, it is evident that universal, every-day interest in ghosts, alone, will warrant their appearance in fiction. It is not even necessary to fall back on the truth that fiction, governed by laws of its own, may justifiably create its own world with fit inhabitants. For a consideration of the ghost story enforces the recognition

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that most of the apparitions presented are such as may appear to anyone at any time. They are so substantiated by laws of reason that even the doubter may not scoff. Consider, then, a tentative classification:

1. The ghost which appears to the sick mind; for example, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw.*
2. The ghost which appears to the clairvoyant; for example, E. Nesbit's *Mystery of the Semi-Detached.*
3. The ghost which is evoked by one who desires it; for example, Kipling's *They.*
4. The "problematic" ghost, or the apparition which may be explained either as material or ghostly, or not at all satisfactorily; for example, Fitz James O'Brien's *What Was It? A Mystery.*
5. The "bona fide" ghost, or the wraith which is offered in good faith as a visitant; for example, *The Turn of the Screw,* by Henry James.
6. The "humourous" ghost; for example, Stockton's *Transferred Ghost.*
7. The "hoax" ghost, which is none. Kipling's *My Own True Ghost Story* is a modern example.

For the sake of economy, I offer only one example under each heading; but the reader will readily supply other instances.

Formerly, the *presence* of a spirit, the phenomenon, sufficed to hold a reader, particularly if the "atmosphere" was emphasised. But nowadays it is the ghost story of plot, the story which *explains* the presence of the spirit, which gives greatest satisfaction. In general—though let it be understood that the best story will show definite complication and solution illustrating these motives—these are the reasons for the appearances:

1. *Punishment.* The dogs in *Kerfol* which had been killed one after the other by their cruel master returned in a ghostly pack and took his life. At the time of vengeance, they appeared only to the wife of the villain, a woman who died "harmlessly mad." But they are visible now to the stranger who visits Kerfol, and are accepted by the community.

2. *Warning.* The good spirit in *The Inn of the Two Witches,* by Joseph Conrad; the bad ghost in *The Triumph of Night.*

3. *Human companionship, or comfort.* The evil ones in *The Turn of the Screw;* the good, in *They.*

4. *Shadows of coming events.* Mrs. Gerould's *On the Staircase.* Such spirits, in retrospect, appear to have been ghosts of doom, worse even than the punishing spirits.

Then, there is the *genus loci* ghost, the familiar spirit of a place or object. His origin is apparently ancient; he is as old as Aladdin's Lamp. In some modern instances, such a spirit seems unable to free himself of the influence which caused his doom. Algernon Blackwood's volume, *The Empty House,* brings together a whole congregation of such ghosts.

Now, the physiological appeal of these ghostly personalities must be—for effect on the reader—not less strong than the psychological. Seeing is believing.

But so is touching: "Except I shall see . . . and put my finger into the print of the nails . . . I will not believe." The most convincing of ghost-story writers has prepared a case against the doubting Thomas:

> The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close: as the all faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago.
>
> Then I knew. . . .

So it was that Kipling's child spirit made its presence felt through physical contact.

O. Henry's gentle ghost of *The Furnished Room* manifested itself through the fragrance of mignonette. It was as though in striving to cross the bounds between the living and the dead the spirit found that the easiest way. . . .

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Only as a voice, did Tom appear (*The Inn of the Two Witches*), "Mr. Byrne, look out, sir!" A striking appeal to the sense of sight is that of Mrs. Freeman's ghost in *The Shadows on the Wall*. The shade of the shade, in this story, was easier of accomplishment by the spirit than the shade in person!

Since sight, however, is the first of the senses, most writers make to it a brave appeal. Of course, the presentation of a picture is the technical aim, and the force of this presentation is in direct proportion to the author's skill in description. This is hardly the time or the place to enter upon a technical study of description. But for best effect in realisation of the ghost, here are some of the points to keep in mind:

1. Make an accurate setting. A staircase, a roadway, a room, a tower, a window.
2. Create a definite outline and position. Miss Jessel on the staircase, "in an attitude of woe," Quint at the window, cut off by the lower frame.
3. Repeat the ghostly appearance. The second self or other personality of John Lavington comes twice (*The Triumph of Night*); the "Upper Berth" ghost of Marion Crawford comes repeatedly.
4. If the ghost appears but once, let the visitation be attended by results which compel belief. The sequence of events in *On the Staircase;* the aftermath of the ghost-ship's visit (Richard Middleton's *The Ghost Ship*).

Another daring innovation represents the spirit appearing and talking, in broad daylight, exactly as the flesh-and-blood prototype might have done. In such instances, emphasis is placed on the *naturalness* of the phenomenon.

But a *tour de force* of "objectification" is that made by the "Mystery" of Fitz-James O'Brien. It had strength to wrestle with two men; it made on the bed where it was flung and bound a deep impression; it held in circular distention a rope around its "waist." Yet it was invisible. Moreover, in spite of the invisibility, it showed "form" in the cast which was made of it. Perhaps in spite of these contradictions, there is no reader who will not continue the story to completion.

If these theories and principles are worth anything, they will find exemplification in any story popularly termed "good." Since any reader will grant that a sick mind may be obsessed, let us examine for interest a story of this variety. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* is admittedly one of the best examples.

The story, it will be recalled, runs as follows: Jack Pansay in Her Majesty's employ in India, while returning to that country after a furlough at home, meets on the boat one Mrs. Agnes Keith-Wessington. A love affair develops, with a not uncommon sequel. After some months of association in Simla, Pansay tires of the woman. Later, he falls in love with Kitty Mannering. A week after his engagement is announced, Mrs. Keith-Wessington dies. Later, when riding with Kitty on the road where he had last seen Agnes, he meets her 'rickshaw and coolies. To his unutterable horror he sees Kitty and her horse "pass through men and carriage as if they had been thin air." The visitation appears again, and Pansay puts himself in charge of Dr. Heatherlegh. "Eyes, Pansay, all Eyes, Brain, and Stomach. And the greatest of these three is Stomach." The remedy is compounded of pills, cold baths, and exercise. After the doctor believes Pansay is cured, the officer rides out again with Kitty. Meeting the 'rickshaw, as before, he breaks down. "I have an indistinct idea that I dragged Kitty by the wrist along the road up to where It stood, and implored her for pity's sake to speak to It. . . . As I talked, I suppose I must have told Kitty of my old relations with Mrs. Wessington, for I saw her listen intently with white face and blazing eyes." Kitty throws Pansay over; he dies, the victim of a vision, and with the recognition that he deserves the punishment meted out to him.

The story holds, as good stories should hold, by the narrative values, primarily.

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There are two lines of interest subtly intertwined. The primary line is that of the struggle between Pansay and the ghost: the former conquers. The secondary line is that of his love for Kitty and hers for him. The action and interaction of the characters bring about the entanglement of the two lines, and the solution, or in this story, the debacle. Suspense is aroused, first, as to how long Jack can prevent Kitty's knowing; second, as to what she will do; third, as to whether Jack will be cured; fourth, as to the outcome of the struggle.

Though the apparition was purely subjective, as is indicated by the fact that nobody else saw it (not even the horses perceived anything unusual; and animals are peculiarly sensitive to ghosts. In *The Return of Imray,* the dog Tietjens knows!),—though this is true, still the author has taken the trouble to picture the 'rickshaw and its occupants so well that the memory of the picture persists for the reader as of something he has himself seen many times. Kipling creates the place, or setting:

> The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory. The rain-swept sky, the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road, and the black powder-riven cliffs formed a gloomy background. . . .

The 'rickshaw stands out clearly against this background; the reader sees it vividly, and returns to it mentally on the reappearance of Agnes. Again, he draws attention by the *uniqueness* of his ghostly company: a black and yellow 'rickshaw, drawn by four coolies; in the seat, a woman reclining against the cushions, handkerchief in left hand. These salient details are etched on the reader's mind. They are as clear as the notches on the stick of Robinson Crusoe. Finally, Kipling has employed the principle of repetition. Every time, the scene is the road; the outline of the 'rickshaw party is the same; the colours are always those of the 'rickshaw "in life"; on every occasion the ghost of Agnes utters the same words. One cannot forget them if he would.

The use of the first person, the "I" narrator is supposed to carry conviction. But this trick has been employed too long to be regarded as more than a convention. Kipling might as well have told it all in the third person. Compare, for example, with this method, that of Mrs. Wharton in her *Triumph of Night.* The difference between the first and the third persons is, in my opinion, in favour of the American story. It is as though the author added her word to the word of George Faxon.

Henry James always found the ghost story the best form of fairy tale. He has his story of dual personality in *The Jolly Corner,* the ancestral ghost in *The Third Person* (the gentleman had been hanged, and refused to be "laid" until the maidens to whom he appeared also committed the crime of smuggling), the "evoked" ghost in *Maud-Evelyn* (wherein, paradox of paradoxes, the ghost marries and subsequently dies), and best of all the "bona fide" ghost in *The Turn of the Screw.* (This story may be, for many persons, a story of clairvoyance; I believe Mr. James meant the ghosts actually to exist, though without being visible to every one). Since Kipling and Henry James are the masters of the modern ghost story, and since one of the Anglo-Indian author's tales has just been used to illustrate in detail his power, I shall exemplify the "bona fide" stories with one of the American-English writer. If there were space, Kipling's *They* ought to be analysed as an example of the "evoked" ghost.

The Turn of the Screw is an atmosphere story of pronounced merit; yet as the interest lies, rather, in the explanation of the demonic spirits, it is not without value as plot narrative. Let us consider it from the following points:

Preparing the reader for the visitations; actually presenting them, and with convincing power; the result of the visitations.

Mr. James, then, attacks the reader's credulity by opening his story in a matter-of-fact way. At a party where ghosts are being discussed, some one tells

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of a child that was haunted; another person, Douglas, knew of two children who were so persecuted. The requests for the story lead to Douglas's promise that he will send for and read the manuscript written by the governess of the haunted children. By the time it arrives, the reader is ready—with the household and assembled guests—to hear what has been recorded as fact and is offered here as fact by one who knew the writer. This "I-got-it-from-him-who-got-it-from-her" is an old device for inducing belief. By the time the reader has ventured easily through two or three doors, he finds himself in a new world, one governed by laws of its own. As a result of such induction, the immediate present fades; the world of fancy takes its place.

Here, then, are the steps in the exquisitely graduated scale whereby the author prepares for something out of the ordinary:

1. The gentleman, uncle of the children, in engaging the governess, stipulated that he did not wish to be troubled; the house and children were in Bly, Essex; the uncle lived in London.
2. When the governess arrived at Bly, Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper, was glad as if relieved.
3. On the evening of the first day, the governess heard and felt things,—the cry of a child, faint footsteps.
4. She learned that the little boy, Miles, had been dismissed from school, because of "injury to others."
5. She was told that the former governess had died.
6. After a peaceful time, there came a change which was like the spring of a beast. "Remarkable things presently gave their first sign."

Now, the ghostly appearances, given *seriatim,* are each so vividly presented as to create a permanent impression.

Vision Number 1: a man on top of the tower.

The reality of this impression is achieved by the governess first thinking there is some one in the house about whom she has not been told. Second, she conceives that a tourist has taken a liberty.

Vision Number 2: the same man outside the dining-room window. The governess sees him from within.

The window serves, as a frame, to strengthen the picture effect. So strong is the impression this time, that the governess acts on it. She runs out to intercept the man. He has disappeared. It is borne in upon her that he has come for some one else. Mrs. Grose enters the dining-room, and sees the governess outside; she runs out and intercepts the governess as the latter had tried to meet the ghost. Here, the effect of reality is doubled, by substituting the real woman for the ghost man. Between the housekeeper and the governess a scene follows, in which Mrs. Grose says that from the description of the intruder, he is Quint, the master's valet, an evil one. She concludes by saying that he had been found dead, as if from a stone cut caused by a fall. "Yes, Mr. Quint is dead."

Vision Number 3: This visitation occurs by the "Sea of Azof" (a pond in the grounds). Flora tries to prevent the governess's knowing that she, Flora, sees the ghost of Miss Jessel. The woman is in black, "pale and dreadful, on the other side of the lake."

After this episode, the governess talks with Mrs. Grose and hears from her that there was "everything" between Quint and Jessel. The governess fears the children are "lost."

Up to this point in the story, the author has been sifting out the necessary exposition, giving the reader just enough to understand clearly the next step. Now, as the governess writes, "I have at last reached the heart of the mystery"; Quint and Jessel are haunting the little boy and girl.

Vision Number 4: The governess meets Quint in the early morning on the staircase. The meeting is significant in that the governess

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feels terror leave her, and knows that she will be capable of enduring the visitations for the sake of her charges. Quint walks away, down the staircase.

Vision Number 5: Miss Jessel on the staircase.

The governess becomes convinced that the children are playing a game of policy and fraud. "The curtain rose on the last act of my dreadful drama, and the catastrophe was precipitated." (In this sentence, the author puts into the mouth of his narrator his own concept of the story as a play. "Dramatise!" "Dramatise!" he constantly advises.)

Miles wishes to know when he is going back to school. The fencing match in which the two engage is one of the cleverest sparring passages in literature.

Vision Number 6: The governess, on entering the study, sees Miss Jessel seated at the table.

After this visit, the governess declares to Mrs. Grose that the children are possessed by Quint and Jessel, who are suffering the horrors of the damned, and want the children to share their torments. Another dialogue between Miles and the governess is filled with *double entendres*. At the end of the scene, as the governess exclaims, "I just want you to help me to save you!" the candle is blown out, while the boy shrieks "between terror and jubilation."

Finally, the governess writes for an interview with the master. She leaves the letter lying on the hall table, while with the housekeeper she goes in search of Flora. They observe that she has rowed across to the farther side of the lake. The governess overtakes her, by walking around the lake, and ultimately asks, "Where, my pet, is Miss Jessel?" Miss Jessel appears, again, in

Vision Number 7: She stands, as before, by the lake; obviously Flora sees her, as does the governess. Mrs. Grose is exempt.

Flora turns shrieking from the governess, and is taken into the house by Mrs. Grose. She never sees the governess again; for it is decided that Mrs. Grose take her away from Bly.

Vision No. 8: The final appearance. Again, the figure of Quint at the window.

Miles and the governess are in the dining-room. She tries to elicit from him that he took the letter. The ghost of Quint looks in, as before. The governess turns the child away, that he may not be enticed. When he confesses, after an agony, that he stole the letter, the ghost disappears.

Vision Number 9: A reappearance at the window.

The governess again conquers, in the struggle for the boy's soul. Miles, however, dies under the dispossession. Here, then, ends the story.

The technically perfect effects in description are too obvious for comment. They indent themselves upon the reader's mind with the sharpness of an engraver's tool. Not easily will they be erased.

Rather note here, as at the end of other good ghost stories, the aftermath of conviction. The boy died, in the supreme effort to free himself from the spirit's domination. From this single instance, which may be expressed in general terms, as the effect on character of the visitation, it is but a step to a series of methods whereby conviction may be gained through the aftermath. Sometimes a warning or a prophecy is fulfilled, as in *The Inn of the Two Witches; On the Staircase*. In other stories, indisputable evidence compels belief; for example, the cast in the *Mystery* of O'Brien. Again, paradoxically enough, the destruction of evidence, is peculiarly convincing; as in Kipling's *At the End of the Passage,* where the destroying of the photographic plate seems to say that it bore the record of the Thing Hummil saw. W. W. Jacobs's *The Monkey's Paw* is particularly gratifying in this respect. After the son's spirit has been evoked by the use of the paw, the father—who has "worked" the charm—uses it to make his third and last wish; for he does not desire his wife to see the apparition. The

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knocking ceases; for the return has been negated by the same spell which caused it. Moreover, such an ending offers satisfaction to the reader who persists, after all, in being a sceptic.

Some days after the conversation recorded at the beginning of this article, I spoke to the student again.

"How is the ghost story coming on?"

"Which one?" he laughed.

"Didn't you call it *The Compact?*"

"Oh, that went for three hundred dollars. I'm writing another now!"

AN UNKNOWN PRINCESS

(Lines on the Painting by Leonardo da Vinci)

BY DOROTHY GWYNNE ROBERTS

A GOLDEN fillet binds your brow
  Encrust with pearls and rubies, so
We hail you as a Princess, but
  No more we know.

And were you one who gave a price
  For jewelled crown and robe of red
And did the bargain pay, or best
  Remain unsaid?

No, rather to a kingdom born
  Descent from lordly sires you trace,
Sereneness of accustomed power
  Lies in your face

And knowledge of the ways of earth
  And of the ways of men is there,
The love of princes and of kings,
  For you were fair.

What pattern wove you in your life
  With strands of gold or woof of grey?
Who were you? But a painted face
  Remains to say.

We know you not, although you were
  A Princess, yet the same as we;
To us the loss, to you, who've lived
  What need of memory?

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THE MARRIAGE IDEAS OF H. G. WELLS

BY WILFRID LAY

I

JUST as William James was described as the psychologist who writes like a novelist, and his brother, the novelist, was said to write like a psychologist, so I would describe H. G. Wells as the novelist who, though lacking therein nothing of charm and artistry, writes like a psychoanalyst. Let it be remembered that the distinguishing trait of the psychoanalyst that marks him off from the old style psychologist, either of the more ancient "faculty" variety or of the more recent "brass instrument" species, is the entirely new point of view. The old style psychologist refers everything to consciousness, the newer psychologist, the psychoanalyst, sees all the manifestations of mental activity more nearly in their true relation to the Unconscious.

In one place Wells writes: "The human mind has a much more complex and fluctuating process than most of those explanatory people who write about psychology would have us believe," and in another place that no one would think of going to a psychologist for help for his soul; and yet I am convinced that Wells is in possession of detailed knowledge of the European working out of the psychoanalytic theories of Freud and Jung and their several followers.

Not only does he hint, in *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* at his acquaintance with these theories, by the mention of a book: *Die Sexuelle Unterschiede der Seele* by a Professor "Limburger," but in *The World Set Free* he says: "The next science to yield great harvests now will be psychology," by which he means of course a fully developed psychoanalysis; and he gives direct evidence of his knowledge in the words: "The psychologists of the years [following the great world war of 1956] are learning how to *mould minds,* to reduce and remove bad *complexes* of thought and motive, to relieve pressures and broaden ideas."

In his treatment of individual social relations he gives, in his two novels *The Passionate Friends* and *The Research Magnificent,* the most prominent place to the sexual relations, exactly as the psychoanalysts do. In the former he shows us a man who is deserted by a woman, and in the latter a wife who is deserted by a husband, thus giving artistic expression to two of the possible causes of marital tragedy. In *The Passionate Friends* Lady Mary Christian is the one in whom the repressing force of the social environment overcomes the natural love engendered in her youth, and makes her marry Justin, who can support her in the high position to which she has been accustomed.

It matters little that she is ever unable successfully to repress the promptings of her primordial love for Stephen, or that both he and she marry apart and have children of their unromantic unions. The Unconscious of each of them is as firmly bound to that of the other as if there had been no other marriage. The absolute and primal union, the union of souls, took place in their youth before ever she saw her legal husband or he his legal wife. And the expression of that fundamental soul-union is manifest from time to time during the story. It breaks forth in innocent ways with unmistakable clearness, and it also results in the suicide of Lady Mary.

In *The Research Magnificent* William Porphyry Benham and Amanda Morris are another case of young love of the absolute type. They marry, but he has ideas which drive him to travel, leaving her at home. It is of no importance that in his absence she receives the embraces of another man. The book makes it perfectly clear that Benham is

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the real deserter. The woman is not blamed in the least. "A woman can't wait about like an umbrella in a stand!" Benham hears of Amanda's quite excusable unfaithfulness and comes home from one of his long trips to kill her. But when he sees her, even in the arms of her lover, he loses all desire to kill her, and offers to divorce her. She makes one last supreme effort to keep him, but, not succeeding, returns to her paramour. Benham is subsequently shot dead in Africa.

Social pressure keeps Lady Christian from marrying the man of her true heart's choice. A magnificence of ideas, amounting almost to megalomania, prevented Benham from remaining in all his acts true to Amanda, without, however, taking any other woman. He simply finds that the person who is following the larger life, as he sees it, cannot be a lover. He was not without appreciation of the fact that his conduct lacked something of being normal. "He had an extraordinary persuasion that in some way he was in default, that he was to blame for her distress, that he owed her —he could never define what he owed her."

Thus is indicated his unconscious conflict. His soul was torn as was Lady Mary's in the other book, by the pull of his unconscious love for the real soul mate against the abnormal magnificence of the ideas which filled his conscious life. He was as unable to reconcile his conscious thinking and his unconscious craving for Amanda as was Lady Mary to overcome her conscious rationalisation of her position in society and give herself up body and soul to her unconscious love, and the man whom she loved with the greater part of her being. Hence there was tragedy in both partial unions as there ever is and ever will be. Wells in his characteristic way, with rare selection of incidents, and with unfailing felicity of style shows forth the fatal antagonism that sometimes exists between the conscious life and the unconscious craving. He shows the utter impossibility of the present custom of marriage in some of its individual combinations, but he does not clearly indicate any solution in these books; as indeed, in a work of art, why should he?

Instances of Wells's realisation, whether witting or unwitting, of the great part played by the Unconscious in the actions of all persons are numerous. Stephen Stratton is exceptionally unconscious, to use Wells's own word. In Paris he feels the "pulling of some prenatal experiences" and later wondered at what had occurred "in some odd corner" of his brain. He writes and tears up numerous letters to Mary, manifesting in so doing the forces at work of which he was barely conscious, and which afterward caused him to "keep up an impalpable correspondence in his thoughts" with her. In him that undercurrent was steadied and controlled by his conscious activities, by his work in the world, so that he remained sane; while with her the paling of her interest in mere dinners and parties turned her unconscious thoughts ever toward him and resulted in her starting that actual exchange of letters into which she put so much of herself.

That this form of sublimation of her unconscious craving for him was unsuccessful is shown by her final suicide. Her subliminal love for her first lover broke through and was confronted first by the impossibility of satisfaction under the present existing conventions of society and second by her realisation that nothing but absolute union with him could satisfy her. Her thoughts, in several passages, are shown occupied with the problem of possession. She consciously revolts at the thought of being owned, and from the insistence with which she opposes her being a captive like a barbarian one gets the feeling that in her heart of hearts nothing but complete ownership of him and by him would satisfy her.

It is indeed a fact that a strong unconscious trend in the direction, let us say, of a wish on the part of a woman to be owned, will express itself in a conscious effort not to be owned, and an

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active verbal struggle against being owned, as if compensating for the unconscious wish. It is much as if the unconscious wish were felt as a background into which Lady Mary fought against sinking. The same unconscious conflict goes on in the soul of Stephen, and this trait of both of them exemplifies the universal antithesis, or, as it is called, ambivalence in the soul.

To Stephen, even though he speaks of himself as largely unconscious, a knowledge of his essential incompleteness without her, without his possession of her, both body and soul, had come early, and he consciously made efforts to compensate for this lack in his life. He married a good woman and found work to do which was congenial to him. But, unfortunately, Mary, whose profession of affection for him is at first quite open and frank, could not realise the preponderating importance of her attachment to him. Hers was really more unconscious than his, in spite of her verbal avowal of love, and, like the unconscious element in the composition of all of us, it was more potent for her feelings, *because* it was unconscious. The more of the soul that moves with us, the less are we aware of the drift of the conscious part of us; the larger the body which moving carries us along, the less we perceive its motion. The world, on which we travel one thousand miles an hour in one direction and one thousand miles a minute in another, seems to be absolutely motionless and we appear to move upon it with our own proper motion only. Thus our unconscious which is as much larger than our conscious mentality as the sphere of the earth is larger than our own bodies, carries us along with its own cosmic motions and velocities and we think, until we begin to study it and compute its dynamics, that we are controlling ourselves and our motions and activities. Stephen had some perception of this difference. Mary was impelled toward her fate by the cosmic craving over which she had the less control because of her ignorance of its very existence. In all this Wells shows clearly his knowledge of the modern psychology of the Unconscious.

II

The two novels already discussed deal with the inevitable separation of interests which, in modern society, makes a breach between husband and wife. *The Passionate Friends* shows the woman consciously giving up her love for the man, but retaining it unconsciously. In *The Research Magnificent* the man's love for the woman is battled down by the forces of society, quite within his consciousness, while at the same time his unconscious love retains its former strength. In *Marriage* we see at first a conscious modern conventional union which, in the case of Marjorie and Trafford, is based on the unconscious primordial craving. But in about seven years Trafford wishes to continue his scientific researches, but is not wealthy enough to supply her with all the money which her excellent taste and her natural extravagance lead her to take from him.

He is forced to enter business, where he makes a great deal of money and she goes on spending it, until she proposes to him to take a still larger house. To this he demurs and in a surprisingly original way. Realising that their divergence in views is largely conditioned, if not entirely caused by her following the requirements of the world of society life in London, he announces that he is going to leave London for a year and live in Labrador, in order to get away from the whirl and *think*. She elects to follow him, and here is the difference between the present novel and the other two. The married pair in this case, instead of separating, keep together. Their conscious, conventional union and their unconscious love were at variance. They could no longer fail to see that they had in spirit separated. This was a heroic effort to get together again, in which they both shared, unlike the unconscious lovers in the other two books. The result is all they could have wished for. The privations and sufferings evoke from the depths of the unconscious of

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Marjorie all the primordial passion for Trafford which the excitements of London and the necessary divergence of aims in man and woman in the social stratum in which these two lived, had obscured. In the snows and cold of a winter in Labrador their old warmth of love returns, and each succeeds in approaching the other in a way that we are led to think would have been impossible otherwise.

Trafford comes to see that it is better for him to study men than to explore the motions of atoms and is ready to take up a new life in civilisation. Marjorie is impressed with the futility of her extravagant life of dinners and other social events. She even announces that she wants to have more children, which is the clearest expression of her determination to play the part of a real woman, and quite in line with the findings of psychoanalytic investigation which shows that the greater part of the physical ills which come to woman in modern society originate in the struggle of woman against fulfilling her place as a mother. At any rate this appears to be the solution, proposed by Wells in *Marriage,* for the problem which confronts all married people sooner or later. They are to reduce their living to the lowest possible terms, at least for a time, and, in the simplicity of mere physical existence, there come the thoughts that will enable them to go on living in society, and not be deceived by the confusion of it all.

Our relation to our Unconscious is much like that of a man to a ship on which he is walking. He can walk only the length of the ship; he sinks and rises with its motion through the waves and he is forced to go in the same general direction it takes. The drifting of a huge hulk with all sails set, helplessly in cosmic currents without a pilot adequately represents the mental and spiritual life of most people. Occasionally on some of these vessels the sails accidentally pull and the boat shoots off in one direction or another. But on most there is neither sail nor pilot. And the novelist, sailing as it were, in an aeroplane above, watches with emotion and records how the vessels, ranging in size from skiffs to galleons, drift and veer and collide—and sink. Like the psychoanalyst, he tries to get the people on board to learn how to navigate, and to reach some port with their vessels.

I do not know whether Wells has ever used this simile, but he is eloquent in many places concerning the aimlessness of humanity in the muddle in which it is now and has always been, complicated. And the physicians, now at last in this twentieth century, are beginning to take a greater part than they have ever done before in this struggle for intelligence. It is with the novelist's attempt to educate, however, that we are now concerned.

III

In a sentence from one of the novels and a condition described in another, I find that Wells suggests a standard of sexual morality which is dual, to be sure, but is a standard for the woman and not for the man. He thus seems to reverse the usually accepted positions of the sexes in this matter. In *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* he gives us a soul portrait of a woman who spiritually never became Lady Harman—a woman who, though married to a cash-register of a man, and the mother of four of his children, was nevertheless a virgin in her mind, like the Susan Lennox of David Graham Phillips.

Wells's discussion of sexual problems is thus not only frank and penetrating, with apparently conscious knowledge of the psychoanalytic contributions to the theory of sex, but he gives an extraordinarily original and strikingly novel view of the situation. Man is by nature more virginal than woman. Man's spiritual loss by sexual irregularities is greater than woman's. Woman can be overpowered by aggressive man. No amount of aggressiveness on a woman's part can overpower a man. Therefore man's mental co-operation is necessary while woman's is not. Woman has the faculty of dissociating the psyche. She can give

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her body without in the least implicating her soul. Man, on the other hand, is incapable of loving a woman even if she offers herself. He becomes, without the co-operation of his psyche, an Adonis to her Venus. The implication of man's soul in his amours is more nearly universal than woman's in hers, in spite of all the opinion to the contrary. So, I imagine, Wells thinks when he says that "that one illicit step" "changes all the aspects of sexual life for a man even more than for a woman."

Possibly this may be Wells's way of attempting to arouse in men a finer sense of the sexual relation, with the idea that in rejecting his remarks on the comparative unimportance of feminine virginity, his men readers may be affected as it were by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* and advocate the single standard for both sexes. But he shows us, in *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman,* a man who for money has sold his soul, or whatever substitute he may have had for a soul, and a woman who has virtually sold him her body. With an absolute spiritual detachment, secured through her British bringing up, she keeps her maiden meditation fancy free of him forever. As a mere school girl she is married to him, and, until she has been married to him several years, and has had time to see the very little of the world which her circumvallating Sir Isaac permits her, she has not the slightest inkling of an idea of what it may really mean to a woman to love a man, and that in spite of the four children she has born him.

This British slave of the Harem of One, who has in memory idolised her father, comes to know Mr. Brumley and finds in her new lover a man who seems as if he might be a brother to her, which is as near as she, poor child, comes to the really romantic at that time. Sir Isaac and she had absolutely nothing in common except the physical relation of marriage, and so carefully had she, as a girl, been trained in the duty of a wife, according to the British standard, which Wells so scathingly satirises in his novels, that she did not in the least know what it was to be a wife in the highest spiritual sense other than her duty, as she understood it, demanded. "Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that neither had ever talked about anything to anybody. . . . So far, he had either joked at her, talked 'silly' to her, made, as they say, 'remarks,' or vociferated. That had been the sum of their mental intercourse, as indeed it is the sum of the intercourse of most married couples."

It is quite different in *Marriage.* There Trafford and his wife meet first in an intellectual atmosphere, next in a situation where he makes a great impression upon her for coolness and daring, an aeroplane accident, and begin their love making and continue it on both levels, physical and spiritual. And when the distractions of London threaten to separate their spiritual intercourse, they fly, first to the Alps for a walking trip, in order to keep up their mental acquaintance, and then, after several years more of London life, which again threatens their souls' integrity, comes the flight to, and their souls' communion, their final fusion, in the privations and snowy loneliness of Labrador.

The relations of the conventional marriage to the lower level (physical) and the higher level (spiritual) love of man and woman Wells has covered completely. This two-level bisexual union he has shown in *Marriage,* together with the dangers which assail it, caused by man's misunderstanding of the requirements of society. In *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* we read of the union sanctioned by convention but, on the woman's part, entirely wanting in love of either level. In *The New Machiavelli* we have Remington's union with Isabel Rivers, absolutely deprived of conventional sanction, and in *Ann Veronica* we have the same, except that Capes is represented as entering social relations again under an assumed name—a sort of partial sanction, it might be called—and of the lower level love without society's sanction we read *passim,* in Mr. Britling's eight amours, in Remington's first illicit step in the hotel in Italy, in Pro-

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thero's solution of the problem in *The Research Magnificent,* and elsewhere.

More because of what is unsaid than of what is said we feel that Wells changed his mind about the desirability of the union of lovers without social sanction. In the novels previous to *The New Machiavelli* he implies that a sacrifice to the two-level love when it is felt to be perfect and irresistible, justifies a total discounting of the conventions of society. In *Ann Veronica* the rejection of the social dictates is not complete. In *The New Machiavelli* it is. The impossibility of love being perfect without both levels and without the co-operation of society is shown in the other novels. The need on the part of both man and woman for a union sanctioned by society is shown in all the novels. The cause of this need lies deep in the nature of the sexual desire itself. The most notable contribution to the understanding of love problems made by psychoanalysis may be expressed by saying that the individual at birth has a large number of what are called erogenous (or love-creating zones distributed all over his body, and that they are collected as it were, before the time of reproductive union, into one system called the genital zone. The fact that the affections of love have at one time and another in infancy and in childhood invested every part of the body makes necessary the later co-operation of every possible human thought and action as an element in the preparation for the creation of a new individual. It makes possible the complete transformation of the individual's ideas of the world when he is really in love. It is what necessitates true love being all or nothing. No possible human relation is without its direct or indirect effect upon the love of man and woman. That is why the least element of the illicit in it spoils everything.

The lovers like Remington and Isabel in *The New Machiavelli* seem for a time to be making a heroic sacrifice in going against the world when he deserts his wife for Isabel. This but emphasises the strength of their passion, which breaks all restraints; but Wells leaves us in no doubt of the failure of it all. Every social ambition of both lovers, from which they had so much triumphant expectation, had to be given up. In their Italian retirement they were unable to carry on what had been the most absorbing work of their combined intellects, and we are left to imagine what is the result of completely excising from a two-level love everything which belonged to the higher level. The sad reminiscent frame of mind in which Remington is represented as seeking consolation and employment for his great powers, in writing his story, gives a pathos to *The New Machiavelli* which makes it the most tragic of all his novels, and makes it the greatest argument for the reconsideration by society of some of its rigid restrictions upon marriage.

IV

In *The Research Magnificent* we are given a well-developed example of the so-called mother image. This is the continued influence of the mother upon the child long after her influence should normally cease. Its effect upon the daughter is found to be quite different from that upon the son. But as there is in this book no daughter relation in evidence, we are obliged to confine our attention to the effects upon the son's career. Benham's mother, from whom he was separated at an early age, though not too early to annul the effect of her influence, is introduced to us as a woman who was consciously endeavouring to play a great part in his life. According to the decree of the divorce which separated her from the elder Benham, she was to see her son only once a year until his majority. She made the most of these occasions, "staging" them as we are told so as to produce the deepest impression upon her son. When he becomes of age she gives him several thousand pounds a year, personally sees to his being established in an apartment in London, and engineers his social life for ten months, which is as much as the young

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man can stand even with the help of an admirable mistress, who, we sometimes suspect, has been provided with the extraordinary foresight of the mother. All of the influences with which the mother surrounds him are absorbed by him but without real satisfaction. He breaks away from them, marries the girl of his choice, a choice which to his credit is a good one and completely outside of the pale of his mother's influence.

But the mother influence remains in his Unconscious, dictating to him what he shall expect in his wife, and when he finds that he cannot get from her the kind of response which he has sought, from his ideal of what a woman should be, namely one who behaves in many ways like a mother, he runs away from his wife exactly as he ran away from his mother, and takes his satisfactions in the Research into what he conceives true nobility to be. What he expects in his wife is that she shall be a woman who can think of and with him, and not be disturbed if he goes off on long journeys in search of the true aristocrat and the "invisible king." He finds, however, that Amanda is quite unable to live as he desires her to, under those circumstances. She even entertains a lover in his absence, and he comes to the sorrowful conclusion, which psychoanalysis too has reached, that there is no such woman to be found. There is, in other words, no woman who can be a sexual and an asexual mate at one and the same time. He is looking for a psychological contradiction or impossibility. Had he not had so devoted a mother he would not have looked for so great devotion in his wife.

Thus his ideas of what a wife should be are inevitably conditioned by the character of his mother as he thinks of her. He is absolutely blind to the significance of his mother's having run away from his father and married another man, and having on this second husband's death married a third. Had he taken this fact into consideration he might have been led to suspect some such necessary action on the part of Amanda when he gave her so great and irresistible a temptation. But with characteristic blindness he saw only one side of his mother's character, which shows that to the ordinary man his mother is never a woman merely. She always has something of the goddess in her, a superhuman perfection, which he is fatally prone to expect in the woman he marries, unless he leaves the mother influence early enough, which Benham did not, to realise for himself the limitations of the wife woman.

The expressions of Benham's unconscious attitude toward his mother are shown in a score of passages. He traces fear to the necessity of returning to the mother, even in animals. "The fear of a fully grown tiger sends it into the reeds and the shadows to a refuge that must be still reminiscent of the maternal lair." *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* shows the mother influence motive in the sketchy love story of the American, Mr. Direck, who remembered that Cecilia Corner "was like that old daguerreotype of a cousin of his grandmother's that he had fallen in love with when he was a boy. It was her smile."

The most striking result of the psychoanalytic discovery of the powerful force of the Unconscious upon the conscious life of men and women is the realisation that there is a continual struggle going on between these two, consciousness and the Unconscious. Wells sees this unconscious conflict between the completely unconscious or unknown factors, as well as the struggle of the conscious factor against the unconscious one. He is constantly reproducing situations in which the effect of the unknown element in conduct is clearly indicated. When, for instance, he says: "We stood together through a pause—a hesitation" or "I found myself hesitating on the verge of phrases in the quality of a review article. It was too unreal for her presence and yet it was this she seemed to want from me," or "a sense of fine things entangled and stifled and unable to free themselves from the ancient limiting jealousies which law and custom embody," or "Their hands touched momentarily . . . and then came another of those signifi-

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cant gaps," or "The thing that had been latent so long between them," or "The suppression of his discovery that his honeymoon . . . was merely an impulsive pleasure hunt was by no means the only obscured and repudiated conflict that disturbed the mind and broke out upon the conduct of Benham. Beneath that issue he was keeping down a far more intimate conflict. It was in those lower, still less recognised depths that the volcanic fire arose and earthquakes gathered strength," or "Benham had no plans yet but only a sense of divergence, as though he was being pulled in opposite directions by two irresistible forces," or that "Man is and always has been a sheath of varied and even incompatible possibilities, a palimpsest of inherited dispositions"—in all these expressions Wells gives ample proof of his knowledge of the fundamentals and the details of the new science of psychoanalysis.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS
GEORGE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

A SEVENTH son of
L'esprit de France and England's humour;
Foster-child of a grimly gentle Castilian
Ready with Moorish proverbs but most *simpática*
(The Spanish is untranslatable);
His governess surely a sailor's daughter
Who has dabbled in all the arts;
His tutor the self-made H. G. Wells;
Eve, his first sweetheart;
Then all of the lovely ladies
Whom Villon laments—
Never was hand more tender
When dealing with women,
More just in the weighing of men!

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ABOUT RUG BOOKS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet must be a genius.

Edgar Allan Poe: *Philosophy of Furniture.*

I

WHENEVER we are hard up for amusement—as may happen even in royal Ecbatana, since Alexander went away—we turn over our rug books. Of these we have quite a collection. For the head of the house is himself a man of rugs; and when a new book about them appears, as is sure to happen once a twelve-month, the good people at home send him out a copy. I do not think he ever bought one on his own account—in English. But they help to console him for the fact that only one copy in three of *Life* or *Punch* reaches us. What can we do? Our destiny has given us to know from our youth up a quantity of simple matters which to this day remain dark to most writers of rug books. And man must laugh. At any rate, I must confess that we find it impossible to take these volumes very seriously, not even the fattest and most expensive of them, whose authors' names are pronounced in whispers by all ladies in America. They remind us too much of Babu English, and of what Persians say about our own side of the world.

There are, of course, rug books and rug books. It is not for a light-minded nomad to mock at the famous Austrian folios, at Bode, Martin, or Strzygowski, or even at Mr. J. K. Mumford. Mr. Mumford is by no means infallible. But his limitations are those of opportunity, rather than of good faith. To him alone is due, in our country, the credit of having made some sort of order out of a picturesque chaos. He inquired, he studied, he travelled; and his book remains after seventeen years the most informing that has been published in America. If he pays the penalty, so does he deserve the glory, of the pioneer. And I hereby offer him a humble tribute of respect for having blazed out a way which many followers have done almost nothing to widen.

Having acquitted one's conscience of this debt of honour, one is bound to add that if we take Mr. Mumford down, on those dark days when *Life* and *Punch* fail to turn up, it is chiefly for certain unessential items of information which he lets drop. As for the flock of which he is the spiritual father, I grant that they generally give more practical information, wherever they got it, than their cousins oversea, who love to bring forth sumptuous tomes more enlightening with regard to the myth of the Golden Fleece, or the tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou than to the knots and knottinesses of rugs. But it is hard to escape the conviction that without Mr. Mumford the names of few of these ladies and gentlemen would ever have seen print. What enables them to get away with it, as the saying so expressively goes, is the great interest in Oriental rugs which prevails in our country, and a greater ignorance of the countries from which they come. These authors have, of course, their own regroupings and emendations. But either the literature to which they contribute is a new proof of an old saying about great minds, or one recognises again and again Mr. Mumford's general plan, Mr. Mumford's facts, Mr. Mumford's textile tables, and Mr. Mumford's mistakes, down to his very quotations and turns of phrase. Or was it already an established jargon of the trade to abound in "conceits," and never to fail to say of a border stripe that it "carries" such and such a design? At all

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events, whenever I come across a reference to Professor Goodyear, to Owen Jones, or to Sir George Birdwood—he who had the courage to write at the top of a learned sheaf of paper, "The Termless Antiquity of Integral Identity of the Oriental Manufacture of Sumptuary Carpets!"—I cannot help asking myself if the author knows any more of the works in question than he gleaned from the pages of Mr. Mumford. But it is not because any of them ever so much as breathe the name of their ghostly parent. "For fifteen years," says Mr. Mumford in the preface to his fourth edition, "I have persistently 'winked at "Omer" down the road,' and 'Omer' has never once 'winked back.'"

To make a complete catalogue of the misinformation which the rug fraternity hand on from one to another would need "a painful man with his pen, and as much patience as he had, who wrote the *Lives and Deaths of the Martyrs.*" A characteristic if mild example is the name Yürük, applied to a certain class of Turkish rugs and translated with astonishing unanimity by our authorities as mountaineer. Whereas the real word is Yürük; and while some mountaineers are Yürüks, all Yürüks are by no means mountaineers. For the name literally signifies a man who walks: i.e., a nomad. A more complicated case is that of the napless carpets known in Persia as *gilîm** and in Turkey as *kilîm*. None of the rug books seem to be aware of this simple fact, and their spellings suffer accordingly. They all mention, however, a variety which they call *kis kilim*. I, for one, have never heard of it outside a rug book or a rug shop. One reason, perhaps, is that there is no such word in Persian or Turkish as *kis*. Mr. Mumford explains a *kis kilim* as being a winter covering, thereby leading one to suspect that his informant was a Smyrniote. God has gifted the Levantine merchants of Polycarp's city with eloquent and with ingenious tongues, but not with tongues that are able to pronounce the Turkish language. *Kîsh kilimi* should be the true term—if it actually exists. But Mr. Mumford's followers, taking a little further counsel, inform us that a *kis kilim* is a girl rug, to which they attach an affecting history of dowries and what not. And they are equally wrong, since the word to which they refer should be *kîz,* with a vowel sound that neither a Greek nor an American can pronounce. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Not so incorrect, perhaps, but more misleading, is a whole family of words which our authors use in classifying rugs according to their uses. Thus they tell us that the long rugs technically known as runners were originally intended for divan covers; and they make quite a story of the arrangement of an Oriental interior, dragging in the classic triclinium and fixing the places of greater and of lesser honour on rugs of different sorts. I have no doubt that Mr. Mumford has seen Turkish rooms surrounded on three sides by divans, and divans covered with runners; but I doubt very much whether he ever saw anything of the sort in Persia or other parts of the East that are farther from western influences. Nor can the allusion to the triclinium be otherwise than imaginative when the habit of the Near East is to eat on the floor, squatting about little round tables six or eight inches high. The real origin of the runner was probably in the tradition of the tent. In Persia particularly, sets of rugs are quite common, of the same pattern and colour, consisting of one large carpet, of a runner as long as the carpet is wide, and of two more runners the length of the carpet plus the width of the first runner.

*The reader is reminded that the spelling followed in this paper is that of the Royal Geographical Society. The consonants all have their customary English pronunciation, except that *c, g* and *s* never encroach upon the sounds of *k, j,* or *z*. The vowels are pronounced as in Italian, each separately and none silent. Thus the Kurdish towns Sine and Sauj Bulak have two and four syllables respectively. I use accents only to indicate the stressed syllable, borrowing the German *umlaut* for a *u* which does not exist in our language and the French circumflex for a still more unfamiliar Turkish *î*.

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Such a set is called, like a team of horses, a *dasté,* literally a handful; and its purpose is for furnishing tents or rooms of different sizes with the same rugs, piecing out the carpet when necessary with the accompanying runners. Mr. Mumford's name for those runners, *makatlik,* has justly been discarded by his successors, who give them their true name, common to Turkish and Persian alike, of *kenari. Makatlik* may roughly be translated as sofa covering, and *kenari* as bordering—from *kenar,* edge.

As for the so-called *odjalik* or *odjaklik,* which I would correct and simplify as *ojaklik,* many descant feelingly on its place in Oriental hospitality, though no one attempts to fix its place with relation to those usually mythical divans. It means, if you insist, a hearth rug. But I question if many of them can have been made for that purpose, for the simple reason that nothing is rarer in an Oriental house than a hearth. The cooking is done when possible outside, in the open or in a detached kitchen; while for heating, fireplaces are much less popular than braziers or a device called in Persian a *kursi,* set in the middle of the room and covered with a quilt under which the family stick their legs. The Turkish name for this invention is *tandur;* and if a rug were used in connection with it, the last thing a guest would be invited to do would be to take his place thereon. At night, however, he would be given such a rug to sleep on, and perhaps another to keep himself warm withal. So most of your hearth rugs, good people, are nothing more or less than beds.

The various other words ending in *lik* which Mr. Mumford was the first to introduce are not much more trustworthy. In the first place they are all taken from the Ottoman Turkish language, and therefore do not apply to weaves from other countries. In the second place that *lik* must be accepted with discretion, being a suffix something like our own suffix—ing. *Hehbelik,* for instance, must be accepted with double discretion because it should be *heibelik* and because *heibé* alone means saddlebag—*heibelik* meaning, among other things, the material out of which saddlebags are made. And in the third place the vowel sound of that suffix undergoes variations which this is not the place to explain but which the rug books never indicate. Misleading in another way is the so-called *hammamlîk,* or bath-rug; for while rugs may be found in the dressing-rooms of baths, they are never used, as the rug books state, in parts of baths where they come in contact with soap and water. Still more misleading, however, is the term *turbehlik.* It does not mean a grave rug, nor do the people of the Near East leave rugs in cemeteries. What they very frequently do is to leave rugs as votive offerings in mausoleums, which are much commoner than with us and which go in Turkish by the name of *türbé.* Thus the so-called grave rug is really identical with the so-called Mecca rug, which is often a prayer rug, but which the more discerning of our authors recognise as forming no distinct species.

The most serious of this family of errors is the one relating to the word *sedjadeh*—or *sejjadé,* as I would prefer to spell it. Mr. Mumford's disciples have improved upon him in certain minor details, but no one of them has ever yet discovered that a *sejjadé* and what they unidiomatically term a *namazlîk* are both one and the same—namely, a prayer rug. This is a case where a little knowledge of Oriental languages is good for writing about matters Oriental. For *sejjadé* is derived from the Arabic root meaning worship, and by no means signifies a carpet of medium size. It may, however, be a carpet of medium size, or of the largest size. Many Turkish mosques contain huge Ushak carpets whose design consists of a multitude of pointed panels. Such a carpet is as much a *sejjadé* as a small rug of one panel. But to say of the latter that every Mohammedan carries one around with him, or so much as owns one, is absurd. If that were true, prayer rugs would be commoner

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than any other kind of rug, which is far from being the case.

Of all the gibberish that has been written on this subject, it would be hard to find more crowded into one page than may be read in Dr. G. G. Lewis's *Practical Book of Oriental Rugs* (2d edition, page 321). After the usual remark about every Mohammedan possessing his own prayer rug, the author goes on to say: "By means of a small compass he spreads his rug so that the *mihrab* or niche points toward Mecca, where Mohammed's body lies. Then after removing all money and jewelry from his person, in order to appear before God in the most abject humility, he combs his beard, produces a rosary of ninety-nine beads and a dried cake of earth which came from Mecca. These he places just under the niche and then, resting his head on the earth with his hands outstretched on either side, he performs his devotions. The *mihrab* or niche on which the worshipper places his head represents the door of a mosque and reminds those who use it of the sacred mosque at Mecca." And elsewhere Dr. Lewis propounds the interesting theory that the *mihrab* "is supposed to imitate the form of the *mihrab* in the temple at Mecca" (page 121), and that the so-called comb designed on some Turkish prayer rugs is "an emblem of the Mohammedan faith to remind the devout that cleanliness is next to godliness" (page 108).

Now hardly one of these statements is true. Compasses are sometimes carried by pilgrims and travellers, but so rarely that the different directions in which they pray is one of the stock matters of pleasantry among Mohammedans. Far rarer is that precious cake of dried earth from Mecca; and the preparations for prayer have more to do with running water than with a comb, which most decidedly is not an emblem of the Mohammedan faith. Neither are you ever likely to see a rosary of ninety-nine beads —though you might see one of sixty-six beads. The common number is thirty-three; but the rosary plays no part in the rite of the prayer rug, and when used its place is in the owner's hand. Nor does he remove money and jewelry from his person unless they happen to be of gold and he happens to be extremely orthodox, which is why so many fine Oriental stones are set in silver. As for the procedure of prayer, the devotee first stands, then drops to his knees, and finally prostrates himself, repeating these three positions a different number of times according to circumstances. And the pointed panel of the prayer rug neither represents the door of a mosque nor the *mihrab* of the temple at Mecca. The temple at Mecca contains no *mihrab*, being itself the centre of the axis of the Mohammedan world. Moreover Mohammed, as it happens, is buried in Medina. What the panel of a prayer rug represents, if anything, is the *mihrab* of an ordinary mosque—a niche roughly corresponding to the altar of a church; and the finest of single-panelled rugs were made to put into such a niche. Most devotees content themselves with any kind of carpet or matting to pray on—or even their own coats, if other conveniences lack.

Do you wonder, then, that rug books are capable of affording us a kind of pleasure their authors never intended? On the whole, I think Dr. Lewis is our favourite. He is also the favourite of those who buy rug books, if one may judge from the fact that he went in two years into two editions. And his book would have deserved its title if he had only taken the trouble to make it accurate and consistent. As it is, how can we keep straight faces when he talks about Greek Mohammedans (page 222) or reveals to us that a talismanic triangle is often tattooed on a Turk's body (page 137), or says that green is a favourite colour of Persian rugmakers (page 79), or announces that a dog is considered in the Near East a sacred animal (page 110), or emits such samples of Turkish as she is spoke as *ubrech* and *sechrudisih*—for *ibrik* (pitcher) and *sîchan dishi* (rat's or mouse's tooth)? The pearl of this collection, however,

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is his statement that *lulé,* of all words the most mystifying to his brothers of the craft, is "a corruption of the Persian word 'roulez,' meaning 'jewel'" (page 349; cf. 163). Some Armenian rug dealer must have stuck a fluent tongue in a capacious cheek when he achieved that etymology—for I would gladly entertain the hypothesis that it did not burst from the brain of Dr. Lewis. So far as I am able to learn, there is no word in Persian which remotely resembles *roulez.* There is a word *lu'lú,* which is a less common word for pearl; and in another place Dr. Lewis provides the form *roules* with that meaning. But *lule* is no corruption of it—nor, as Mr. Mumford avers, of the French *roulez,* though he is on the right track. *Lule* is a word which both in Persian and in Turkish means pipe or tube. And it is applied not only to Bijar but to any smallish rugs which are too heavy to be folded when out of use, and are therefore rolled.

On matters of geography and spelling I am willing to touch the more lightly, knowing how far the East is from the West and how recalcitrant the English alphabet to render its own sounds, let alone those of other languages. But after all, libraries do exist, containing fairly reliable books of reference. And even in New York and Philadelphia, whence emanate most of these instructive works, there dwell orientalists of repute, who might conceivably have information to impart. Yet our authors seem to prefer to consult, if not one another, then the Armenian rug dealer around the corner, or haply some traveller returned alive from what they invariably term "the Orient." Thus we learn from Mr. W. D. Ellwanger of the most accessible region of "the Orient" that "most of the rugs of commerce in this country come from Persia, Turkey, Asia Minor, Turkestan. . . ." (*The Oriental Rug,* page 13). Is a surprised reader wrong in drawing the inference that Turkey and Asia Minor are supposed to have no connection with each other? Of the latter Dr. Lewis informs us that it is bounded "on the south by Arabia, the Mediterranean and Red Seas" (page 342). And Anatolia is usually spoken of as if it existed in some fourth dimension entirely outside the peninsula in question. Whereas the name is merely the Greek one for Asia Minor—from which the Turks derive their Anadol.

It is perhaps not unnatural that the rug-geographer becomes more involved in obscurity as he penetrates farther into "the Orient." Kurdistan, for instance, is to him a constant stumbling block—as indeed it is to most westerners, who do not readily take in the conception of that Asiatic Poland, with its loosely related semi-independent tribes living partly under Persian and partly under Turkish suzerainty, and producing within a few miles of each other such totally different weaves as the Bijar and the "Sehna." Whence does Dr. Lewis find it in him to say that "the southern part of Armenia is called Kurdistan" (page 218)? Of Persia proper I have read astounding things, of which not the least astounding is that no one but Mr. Mumford seems to recognise Iran as the name by which the Persians at this moment designate their own country, whence will appear the true beauty of giving that name, as dealers and rug books love to do, to a certain class of rugs from the province of Irak Ajemi. And even Mr. Mumford opens the preface of his fourth edition with the strange information that "the past decade has witnessed in Persia the downfall of a dynasty, and indeed of the throne itself. The oldest of empires has been for a space the newest of republics. . . ." While elsewhere (page 165) he says "that the Persian of to-day is a transplanted Turk, that the language used over the greater part of the empire is a peculiar form of Turkish, and that the pure Persian, the Iranian, is a *rara avis* in the land whose name he bears." The pure Persian is no doubt as rare a bird as the pure Italian, say, or the pure Christian. But while the reigning dy-

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nasty is of Turkoman origin, and while a Turkish dialect is spoken in Azerbaijan and—to a lesser extent—in the neighbourhood of Hamadan, the vast majority of Persians neither understand it nor are transplanted Turks. Mr. Mumford's mistakes, however, usually lie in a too broad application of a particular fact. He would be incapable of announcing, like Dr. Lewis, and of twice repeating, that Laristan and Luristan are identical (pp. 202, 349, 350).

As for Turkestan and the Caucasus, they might as well be Mars and the moon. I cannot deny that the Caucasus is politically a part of Russia—though I would not stake my head on the certainty of its so remaining to the end of time. But no Russian ever made a rug, or least of all a Yürük rug, as Mr. Ellwanger seems to intimate (page 63). Nor, as the rug books inform us with wonderful unanimity, is Kazak a corruption of Cossack, the case being exactly the contrary. And if the Caucasus be Russia, so are the trans-Caspian provinces. To call them so, at any rate, would save the rug-scriveners from the No Man's Land they make of that vast and little-visited region. You would think, to read their classifications, that east of the Caspian one name is as good as another, and that it is all the same whether you say Bokhara, Merv, Khiva, Samarkand, or Turkestan.

In the finer points of orthography the rug book people are not wholly to blame for the fantastic things they do. Englishmen and Americans have always been notorious for the liberties they take with foreign names. But there is more than a suspicion of unscholarliness in the unsystematic spelling of these books, their general failure to give a key to their own pronunciation, and the importance they attribute to variant forms. Dr. Lewis perhaps expresses their general state of mind when he confides to us (page 341, note) that "in the Turkish and Persian languages the vowels are frequently silent and the characters do not stand for single consonants, but represent combinations of sounds as in shorthand, so that the same word is spelled in a great variety of ways when it is translated into English. . . ." Mark that "translated"! It is true that the Arabic alphabet is short of vowels, and that the different races who use it twist it as variously as the long-suffering Roman alphabet is twisted by the different races of Europe. But neither in Persian nor in Turkish are there shorthand combinations of consonants—unless the same thing may be said of Greek and Russian, which are richer than English in having single letters to represent such sounds as *th* or *sh*. The bottom of the matter is that neither Dr. Lewis nor anyone else will take the trouble to find out how a name is pronounced in its own country, and to choose a consistent method of rendering that name in English.

Thus it is that the author of *The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs* encumbers his pages with a quantity of so-called synonyms, which are nothing but variant—and usually very incorrect—spellings he has chanced to pick up. A case in point is the town of Elisavetpol, in the Transcaucasus, whose Tartar name of Ganjá or Genjé has caused fountains of ink to flow. Dr. Lewis calls the rugs of this district Genghis, which he directs us to pronounce Jeń-gis, giving as "synonyms" Guenja, Guendja, and Guenjes. He goes on to state that "authorities differ greatly as to the origin of the name. Some say that the proper name should be Guenja, which was the ancient name of Elizabethpol, from whence they came. Others insist that they should be called Genghis, which is the name of the tribe of Nomads living in the vicinity of Elizabethpol who weave them" (page 267). If Dr. Lewis had thought fit to consult other authorities than his predecessors in the American literature of rugs, one or two of whom relate "Genghis" to the famous Jingiz Khan, he would very easily have found out that the elusive vowel sounds of that Tartar name—which is used to this day by thousands of Caucasians—vary be-

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tween *a* and *e,* and that a final *i* is a Persian and Azeri Turkish suffix of origin, equivalent to the Ottoman Turkish *li*—by which Mr. Mumford not too correctly designates a man of Hamadan. A man or a thing from Hamadan is locally termed Hanadani. And so, by a perfectly comprehensive contraction, Ganji, which, about as nearly as can be arrived at in English, is the correct form.

Of Hamadan itself Dr. Lewis gives the baroque "synonyms" Hamadie and Hamidieh. Where in the world he fished up Hamadie I cannot imagine; but Hamidieh is a Turkish adjective made out of the name Hamid, having no more to do with Hamadan than our own adjective Augustan. Diverting as his "synonyms" are, however, it is when we come to the glossary at the end of his book that the rafters of Ecbatana—well, they can hardly ring, because they are neatly encased in mud. And how should the rug-book people know any better, poor dears? Yet why should they voluntarily, and with so little pains at verification or proofreading, throw themselves to the lions? One reason is that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an Anglo-Saxon to get it into his head that the *h* in Bokhara and Daghestan means something, and that practically every word in his Oriental vocabulary must be accented on the last syllable. To do so, at all events, would save him from such horrors as Af-ghan-is-tan, An-gó-ra, or Feŕ-a-ghan. Of the last I am happy to recognise that Dr. Lewis does not direct us to sound the *g*. And, after all, it is useless to attempt to reform the Anglo-Saxon world in the matter of pronouncing those two gutturals *gh* and *kh*. They are disagreeable sounds, and one must use disagreeable terms in describing them. The first is the noise you make in your throat when you gargle, while the second is the worst noise you make when you have a cold and set about clearing your throat—if you are ever so impolite as to hawk. But it will do you no harm to remember that those sounds are perfectly distinct from a simple *g* or *k,* and that letters exist to express them in the eastern as in some western languages.

All this, of course, has little to do with the serious part of rug books, which is the description and classification of rugs. And even if we in Ecbatana cannot help an occasional chuckle, we know it is not fair to chuckle too loudly about people who have not been as lucky as we. One expert, however, authoress of *Rugs in Their Native Land,* confesses that "a residence of many years in Turkey, part of the time in the far interior, offered ample opportunity to continue the study of Oriental rugs begun in America." And elsewhere she alludes to her familiarity with the language of the country (page 130). I do not like to seem rude to a lady, but I could hardly help asking myself which of the various languages of the country the lady meant when I saw how she spelled names, and when I read that *khatchli,* alias *katchli* and *hardjlie,* used in describing the so-called Princess Bokharas, is the Armenian name for cross. The Armenian name for a cross is *khach,* which might better be simplified for Anglo-Saxon readers as *hach*. The Turks, lacking such a word of their own, borrow it from the Armenians—to say nothing here of the Greeks—and on occasion add their own suffix of origin, description, or possession, *li*. *Hachlî,* therefore, is a Turkish form, meaning crossed, or having a cross.

Truth further obliges me to confide in the reader that I fail to find any particular evidence of Miss or Mrs. Dunn having availed herself of the ample opportunity she mentions. She misses her chance of writing something really first-hand and personal about rugs, even in that limited part of their native land with which she is acquainted, and she repeats many of the stock misnomers which the rug books bid fair to make permanent. Thus she classes the Mosul —Musul, I am told, is the local pronunciation—among Turkish products,

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and states that more rugs are made in and shipped from that district than from any other except Smyrna (pp. 86, 100). As a matter of fact, comparatively few rugs are made in the neighbourhood of Mosul, and practically none are now shipped from there—or were before the war. The sole connection that a Mosul rug has with Mosul is that a certain class of small Kurdish rugs were once collected in that city by Jewish dealers on behalf of their principals in Bagdad. Since 1900 this trade has passed to the other side of the mountains, and Hamadan is now the market for "Mosuls." They are small, loosely woven, high-piled rugs of the poorer qualities, partly from Turkish, oftener from Persian Kurdistan, and from the region around Hamadan, extending even as far east as Malayir.

There are other things about the obscure subject of Kurdistan that a lady who has lived in the far interior of Turkey might have told us. But she leaves us to gather—which is far from the fact—that the inhabitants are all of the one Dersim tribe she mentions (page 102). And she lets slip a brilliant opportunity to tell her fellow-connoisseurs what none of them except Mr. Mumford seems to suspect, that the town they oftenest name "Sehna" is purely Kurdish, being —as Sauj Bulak used to be—the capital of Persian Kurdistan, and that "Sehna" rugs are Kurdish and not Persian. With regard to her travels in remoter regions of "the Orient" our authoress maintains a discreet reticence. But we can hardly assume that they include Persia when she makes a distinction between "Kirmansha" and Kermanshah, and asserts of carpets bearing the latter name that they are made in Tebriz. I hasten to add, however, that she is by no means alone in this astonishing belief. Mr. Mumford was the first to give voice to it, and it has been followed more or less faithfully by every one of his successors whom I have consulted except Mary Beach Langton, in her little book on *How to Know Oriental Rugs* (page 78). I might add in passing that the serious student will hardly learn from Mrs. Langton how to know Oriental rugs, but that she shows other evidences of having gone outside the pages of her colleagues for her information. The truth is that Kermans, Kirmans, "Kirmanshas," and "Kermanshahs" are all one and the same. They have nothing whatever to do with either Kermanshah or Tebriz, except that the modern industry in Tebriz was started by weavers from Kerman—or Kirman; I frankly confess that I have been unable to find out which is the more accurate rendering of that elusive vowel sound—who imported their own designs and methods of work. The Tebrizis, in turn, have influenced the modern output of Meshed. As for Kermanshah, it is hardly an exaggeration to affirm that no rugs are or ever were made there. The name grew out of the ignorance or perverted ingenuity of dealers, who knew nothing about so remote a town as Kerman, who were confused by its similarity to the name of Kermanshah, and whose romantic eyes were attracted by the termination of the latter. A "Kermanshah" is merely a better example of a modern Kerman. And when the rug is unusually big, and the dealer wishes to be unusually impressive, he pronounces it, out of the magniloquence of his own Levantine heart, a "royal Kermanshah." A precisely similar case is that of the so-called royal or princess "Bokharas" —which, as it happens, do not come from Bokhara.

Eliza Dunn makes a less pardonable confusion, and one that I do not recollect having encountered elsewhere, when she speaks of "Meshed or Muskabad" (pp. 103, 117). Meshed and Muskabad, or Mushkabad, are, in Persia, very nearly as far as the East is from the West. For Meshed is Meshed, while Mushkabad is Sultanabad—of the better classes. Mushkabad was the name of a town between Kum and Sultanabad which the long-bearded Fat'h Ali Shah destroyed about a hundred years ago, and Sultanabad is its modern successor.

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Eliza Dunn might be surprised to hear that most modern Saruks are woven in the latter place.

I am delighted to give this lady the credit of recognising that the so-called Bokhara rugs are really Turkoman. But otherwise she does nothing to dispel the haze of ignorance that makes possible so preposterous a misnomer as "Khiva Bokhara." A Khiva Bokhara rug means just about as much as a Boston New York one, and it is time the rug people had the courage to say so. Our authoress runs the gauntlet of a certain proverb about a little knowledge when she asserts that the Turkoman "prayer rugs are called Tekke from their use in Tekkes or places of worship" (page 132), apparently oblivious to the fact that there are in Transcaspia tribes of Akhal Tekke, Merv Tekke, and heaven only knows how many other kinds of Tekke Turkomans. In the matter of Beluchistan, again, she veers a point nearer the truth than most of her fellow scribes, who outdo each other in moving descriptions of the hot and arid homeland of Beluch rugs. I do not pretend myself to know anything about Beluchistan, or whether rugs are made in any part of it. I do know, however, that most of the Beluch rugs of commerce, if not all, come neither from Beluchistan nor, as Eliza Dunn states, from Kerman, but from Khorasan. They are woven by nomad Beluchis who pitch their black tents in the lower part of that province. The two chief markets for them are Birjand, the capital of that region and now an important centre of rug weaving, and Turbat-Haidari, some ninety miles south of Meshed—not to be confused with another Turbat nearer the Afghan border. In the Asiatic trade these rugs are rightly called Beluch. The other two syllables are added by logical-minded westerners jumping at conclusions.

(*To be concluded.*)

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THE ROMANCE THAT WAS WALES

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

FEW, very few indeed have been the translators who have given to the world a gift as splendid as the one bestowed upon it by Lady Charlotte Guest when, some eighty years ago, she first published the collection of twelve stories called *The Mabinogeon*. For hundreds of years eleven of these wonderful tales had lain hidden and practically forgotten in an ancient Welsh manuscript written by different hands at different times during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and entitled *The Red Book of Hergist;* the twelfth, *The Story of Taliesin,* being taken from another and a later manuscript. But the tales themselves belonged, of course, to a period much earlier than that of their transcription in the form in which they have come down to us—a period as early, some authorities claim, as the tenth, or perhaps even the sixth century. The four called *The Four Branches of the Mabinogi* date back to the pre-Christian days of Britain, while another, which many scholars believe to be the oldest of them all, the story of *Kilhwch and Olwen,* gives us a picture of the followers and court of Arthur and of Arthur himself which apparently belongs to the time when bards, consciously or unconsciously, were welding into one personality the British warrior-chieftain Arthur and the ancient Celtic god Artaius. For it is probably due in great measure to this chance similarity of name that we have all the mass of Arthurian romance and legend which now enriches our literature, from *The Mabinogeon* itself down to the nineteenth century *Idyls of the King.*

Rich as it is in mythological significance, in folk-lore and in customs, beliefs and traditions so ancient that many of them seem to have been half-forgotten at the time the tales received their present shape, it is nevertheless as literature that *The Mabinogeon* puts forward its principal claim to attention. And the strength of that claim has been attested by writers as unlike as Southey and Matthew Arnold and John Richard Green. The tales called *The Four Branches of the Mabinogi* which may have been and in all probability were the stories each youthful aspirant for bardic honours was required to memorise, take us straight back into a primitive and a Pagan world, a world of strange customs, and marvels, and curious beings who are passing from the mythological stage into that of the human and heroic; weird, mystical figures these, in whom it is not difficult to discern the characteristics of the deities of sun and sea and sky which once they were. It is a world ruled by magic such as can scarcely be matched outside of the *Arabian Nights.* Pryderi, a prince of Dyved whose father had once ruled in Annwyvn, that country of faërie which many consider the Welsh counterpart of the Irish Land of Youth—for the mythology of the Welsh and of the Irish Celt are closely related—was lured one day into a vast and lofty castle, which he found entirely uninhabited. There he beheld:

> A fountain with marble work around it, and on the margin of the fountain a golden bowl upon a marble slab, and chains hanging from the air, to which he saw no end.
>
> And he was greatly pleased with the beauty of the gold, and with the rich workmanship of the bowl, and he went up to the bowl and laid hold of it. And when he had taken hold of it his hands stuck to the bowl, and his feet to the slab on which the bowl was placed, and all his joyousness forsook him, so that he could not utter a word. And thus he stood.

A little later there is thunder, and "a fall of mist, and lo! the castle van-

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ished," and with it vanished Pryderi and Rhiannon, his mother, who, mother-like, had gone to look for him. And it was through the capture of a mouse that they were finally released, for that mouse was none other than the wife of the magician who had wrought these and other marvels. In another tale appears a cauldron quite as wonderful as Medea's own, a cauldron "the property of which is, that if one of thy men be slain to-day, and be cast therein, to-morrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech"—a bit of artistry, that final clause! And this cauldron Bendigeid Vran, whom "no house could ever contain," gave to Matholwch, king of Ireland, what time the king married his sister Branwen, "the fairest damsel in the world" and the blameless victim of as ruthless a fate as ever pursued a daughter of the Atreidai. Very simply, very affectingly does the ancient tale tell how she died:

"'Alas,' said she, 'woe is me that I was ever born; two Islands have been destroyed because of me!' Then she uttered a loud groan and there broke her heart. And they made her a four-sided grave and buried her upon the banks of the Alaw."

Tragedy, however, is the essence of this single tale only, and not of *The Mabinogeon* as a whole. Its spirit is rather that of a delicate and iridescent fancy, of wonder and mysticism and love of beauty, with a touch now and then of absolutely goblin-like grotesquerie, as witness, for instance, this description of Gwevly, the son of Gwestad: "On the day that he was sad, he would let one of his lips drop below his waist, while he turned up the other like a cap upon his head." And always is there imagery in abundance, and a wealth and splendour of colour; colour sometimes exquisite and sometimes gorgeous, the yellow of the broom, the tender green of fronds such as those in that far-famed Fairy Glen of Bettws-y-Coed, which is so like a page out of *The Mabinogeon,* the flashing hues of rubies and of sapphires. Robes of yellow satin, linen white as snow, silver and gold and jewels, chambers in which "there was not even a single nail . . . that was not painted with gorgeous colours; and there was not a single panel that had not sundry images in gold portrayed upon it"—in all these things do the ancient narrators revel at will. That story of *Kilhwch and Olwen,* of which almost every page, so Matthew Arnold declared, "points to traditions and personages of the utmost antiquity, and is instinct with the very breath of the primitive world," is one of the richest in imagery, the most brilliant in colour of them all. Kilhwch starts out one bright morning to search for his destined bride, Olwen, daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr:

"And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled grey, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven: his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner; and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon

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his shoes, and upon his stirrups from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed toward the gate of Arthur's palace."

And at last, after a year spent in the court of Arthur, his cousin, he came with the comrades Arthur had given him to "a great castle, which was the fairest of the castles of the world" and the abode of Yspaddaden Penkawr. And there the wife of a herdsman helped him to have speech with Olwen. And thus she appeared:

"The maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-coloured silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amid the spray of the meadow fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three-mewed falcon, was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan, her cheek was redder than the reddest roses. Whoso beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprung up wherever she trod. And therefore was she called Olwen."

Olwen's white and gold beauty is typical of that of nearly all the damsels of *The Mabinogeon*. Only Peredur had for "the lady that best he loved" one whose hair was "blacker than jet." And these most fair and noble maidens are brave and generous and gracious, high-spirited usually, and often extremely frank. When Rhiannon, riding on "a pure white horse of large size" which none can overtake and wearing "a garment of shining gold" encounters Pwyll Prince of Dyved, she wastes no time, but tells him at once: "My chief quest was to seek thee." The heroes of *The Mabinogeon* are gallant gentlemen who know not indecision nor introspection, but fall joyously in love at first sight, so Pwyll promptly replies: "This is to me the most pleasing quest on which thou couldst have come." Whereupon Rhiannon informs him that her father wished to give her in marriage: "But no husband would I have, and that because of my love for thee, neither will I yet have one unless thou reject me. And hither have I come to hear thy answer." And as they are frank, so are they loyal. In all *The Mabinogeon* there is but one notably faithless woman, and she not a human being, but a damsel who "by charms and illusions" Gwydion and Math, the son of Mathonwy, formed out of flowers in order that Llew Llaw Gyffes, who could not "wed a wife of the race that now inhabits the earth" might have a bride. "They took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw." But though she was fair and graceful, she was treacherous. Only in one way could Llew Llaw Gyffes be done to death; and though it was far more difficult to injure him than it was to slay Achilles, she very nearly succeeded in bringing about his destruction. But Gwydion changed her into an owl, and the owl is called by her name, Blodeuwedd, even now, "and for this reason is the owl hateful unto all birds."

A nation's ideals can usually be discovered in its popular romances, and judged by this test it would seem that the ancient Welsh ideal of woman was no low one. It was in the pages of *The Mabinogeon* that Tennyson found his Enid, the lovely and gentle daughter of Earl Ynywl, whose story as it is therein related he has closely followed from her first meeting with Geraint until the very end when, having nobly and uncomplainingly endured many trials, she stands forth, her truth and honour vindicated, a lady whose place is among the noblest in the land, beloved of all, and especially of Gwenhwyvar. But in *The Mabinogeon* we find no Lancelot, and no stain upon the fair name of Arthur's wife. The original of Ga-

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waine—some say, of Galahad too—we meet there under the name of Gwalchmai, a very brave and noble gentleman, "the best of footmen and the best of knights," who often won by courtesy what others had tried and failed to obtain by blows. And he "never returned home without achieving the adventure of which he went in quest." Peredur is the knight known to readers of the *Idyls* and of the *Morte d' Arthur* as Perceval, while others hail him Parsifal, and although the Welsh tale as we now have it is obviously affected by French ideas and not an original, but, like those related to it, derived from an older and a simpler form, it seems in some ways closer than those others to the primitive legend. The Welsh hero enters the mystic hall, beholds the spear dripping with blood, and fails to ask the all-important question, but not even the shadow of the Holy Grail ever appears in *The Mabinogeon*. Kai the Seneschal we meet there, changed not in name but in kind:

"Kai had this peculiarity, that his breath lasted nine nights and nine days under water, and he could exist nine nights and nine days without sleep. A wound from Kai's sword no physician could heal. Very subtle was Kai. When it pleased him he could render himself as tall as the highest tree in the forest."

And Shakespeare's own Cordelia, too, do we meet, but as the heroine of a story quite unlike the one he enshrined. This is she: "Creiddylad the daughter of Llud Llaw Ereint. (She was the most splendid maiden in the three Islands of the mighty, and in the three Islands adjacent, and for her Gwythyr the son of Greidawl and Gwynn the son of Nudd fight every first of May until the day of doom.)" One fancies the latter may have the better chance of being victorious in the end, since he is none other than a King of Faërie, sovereign of the Tylwyth Teg or Family of Beauty, who clad in floating garments of various hues dance upon the soft greensward on moonlight nights.

And this world of sorcerers and enchantments, of lovely ladies and gallant youths and princes of faërie, is a world drenched with sunshine, a world in which it is always summer, and always pleasant, save when magic intervenes. If a hailstorm comes, it is caused by the dashing of a bowlful of water upon a marble slab, as in the tale of *The Lady of the Fountain*. If a mist envelops valley and mountains, it is the work of some angry magician; and those who have driven there where the Glaslyn foams and the mountains of Snowdonia tower in majesty of purple and of grey, broken here and there by the silver thread of a mountain stream, know very well what a Welsh mist can be. For although the enchanters have vanished, the enchanted land remains. No longer does the weary traveller find rest and refreshment in some "fair and lustrous Castle" where beauteous damsels who have been sitting by the windows embroidering satin rise up to receive him, and take his horse, and bring him "bowls of silver wherein was water to wash; and towels of linen, some green and some white," then lead him to a silver table where he is served with "every sort of meat and every sort of liquor," and the vessels are all either of silver or of gold, as so frequently happened to him who journeyed in those far-off times. Nor is he of to-day entertained with the harp and the singing of maidens, though love of music is a national characteristic now, as it was in the time of that splendid historical figure, Llewelyn the Great, Lord of Snowdon, whose court as we read of it in the pages of ancient chroniclers seems to have been modelled upon those of which *The Mabinogeon* perchance told him as it tells us.

The enchanters are gone; but the tide still rushes in at the mouth of the Conway, echoing the death-groan of Dylan, the son of the Wave: "Beneath him no wave ever broke." The rock of Harlech, whence Bendigeid Vran looked forth and saw the ships of the king of Ireland, still looms above Cardigan Bay, crested now with the frowning ruins of the castle

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which once gave refuge to Margaret of Anjou, and its name to a famous march. And over the mountain lakes, so still and deep and clear, changing in hue with the ever-changeful sky of that region, over the mountain passes, each one more beautiful than the others, with names which themselves suggest a Land of Faërie—Llanberis and Nantfrancon and Aberglaslyn and the rest—lies like a splendid mantle the spirit of dignity, of a calm pride of age and of tradition, of a beauty which the passing centuries have not even dimmed. Beautiful was the land of which the old bards sang so lovingly, telling of its heather-clad, cloud-crowned mountains, its valleys through which streams rippled, its sparkling waterfalls and exquisite glens—glens soft with the thickest, most velvety of moss, shaded by feathery trees, where flowers peeped forth from unexpected nooks and brooks tinkled gayly or spread out in quiet pools—and beautiful has it remained throughout the ages. Who, looking upon it, can wonder that its sons were passionately patriotic, that in spite of the bitter dissensions and feuds among them, they fought long and valiantly against the Saxons and Normans who again and yet again failed in their endeavours to conquer the foe whose stronghold was in the fastnesses of Snowdon, there where Dolbadarn Castle, a ruin now, still stands defiant and alone? Imaginative, patriotic, with a keen sense both of beauty and of drama, it was entirely natural that the old bards should dream and chant of the glories of a far-off Golden Age when Arthur, over-lord of many kings, "summoned unto him all the warriors that were in the three Islands of Britain, and in the three Islands adjacent, and all that were in France and in Armorica, in Normandy and in the Summer Country, and all that were chosen footmen and valiant horsemen" to go with him into Ireland, there to hunt Twrch Trwyth, the huge boar who made nothing of combating an entire army. His bristles were of silver wire, and behind his ears were the comb and the scissors which were a part of the price demanded by Yspaddaden Penkawr for the hand of his daughter Olwen. And Arthur had plighted his word to Kilhwch to obtain Olwen for him, and in *The Mabinogeon* to break a promise is almost unthinkable, no matter how great the cost of keeping it may be.

Wales yielded at last, but one need only look at the castles with which the turbulent land was "bridled," at Conway and Caernarvon and the rest, to see with what difficulty that yielding must have been brought about. And to a very great extent the ancient triad, the prophecy attributed to Taliesin, has been fulfilled:

> Their God they will praise,
> Their speech they will keep,
> Their land they will lose,
> Except wild Wales.

For in their Eisteddfods, national congresses of music and poetry, and in their homes as well, a number of the descendants of those to whom the old bards sang still use the speech of their forefathers. And this not because of some more or less artificial cult fostered by a few, but on account of the will and the desire of many. It may well be that Elizabeth of England owed something of her imagination, her love of music and of colour, to the Welsh blood of her ancestor, Owen ab Tewdor; and to-day all England gladly salutes that great man from Wales, David Lloyd-George.

And Arthur never yielded. To other lands he went forth, a conqueror of the imaginations of men, and in those other lands and by peoples of other tongues and other customs he and his followers were often greatly changed, and some of those changes they brought back with them to the wild and feud-torn land of their birth, thereby altering their stories into the shape in which they were presently set down. Brave and generous and courteous, true friends, capable of that clean and perfect loyalty revealed, for instance, in the tales of Pwyll and of

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Manawyddan, were the heroes whose praises the bards sang in those ancient days. The song of birds and the babble of forest streams echo through these tales of long ago, mingling with a weird, mist-enshrouded charm and the most delicate, sensuous yet aerial type of fantasy to bewitch the modern reader. As once, so the legend tells, the magic arts of Llwyd, the son of Kilcoed, caused the seven Cantrevs of Dyved and all their inhabitants to disappear from the sight of Manawyddan and of Kicva, so does the modern world vanish from the sight of the reader who gives himself up, a willing thrall, to the enchantment of those ancient weavers of history, myth and fancy who left us this treasure of romance and of eternal youth, *The Mabinogeon.*

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ACROSS THE ZONE

BY ISABEL ANDERSON
(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

II

ONE afternoon we took a drive over excellent roads to Pedro Miguel Locks —called by the soldiers "Peter Magill" —and had fine views of the interior mountains and of the canal. We met two battalions of the Tenth Infantry coming in from a long hike, fine-looking fellows, browned and swinging along freely in the heat. My husband called out to ask if Colonel Devore was with them, as he had heard, for he and Devore were on General Davis's staff together during the Spanish War. The soldier who answered was of German birth! There are too many of this kind among our troops in the Zone.

Both Germans and Japanese had been seen about the Gatun Dam—Japanese who pretended they were fishermen but, in reality, were taking soundings. Then the Jamaican negroes, who are English subjects, were employed in great numbers not only on the canal but on the fortifications, so no doubt all of these nations have plans of the Zone. It was reassuring, in spite of this, to know that the great dam was guarded night and day by troops, for if this was blown up the flow of water might ruin the canal.

Another day we started to explore the defences of the Zone in the Pacific, on the small islands at the mouth of the canal, taking the trolley and running along the railway, past the huge machinery plants and yards and docks of the canal administration. Here trains were shunting and smoke pouring out and men working like ants. Then we ran past Fort Grant, along the viaduct that leads to the islands, which have come to be immense ramifications of concrete that turn them into veritable armories. There are deep tunnels that pierce through them and shafts that reach from bottom to top of them, and wide-terraced places where disappearing guns are hidden and others where batteries of mortar gape in rows, and powerful searchlights are tucked away behind natural obstructions, and paths and steps connect the different emplacements.

Flamenco, the island farthest out, was first visited, where huge cannon and howitzers are set—but not half enough of them nor of ammunition! We passed into the bowels of the mountain and were lifted in an elevator to its top, where great guns were worked for us, and it was so hot we almost melted. It reminded L. of the time when he went over Corregidor Island at the entrance to Manila Bay with the Secretary of War. On the way back we stopped at the island of Naos to see the mine plant, and went by Perico Island, but hurried on to the cool of the house on the hill. All these fortifications were very interesting but rather complicated to the female mind.

Yet these expensive and extensive defences are of little account because of our half-baked way of doing things. It was stupid of our government that when we treated for the Zone we asked only for the three small islands that are near the entrance to the canal and failed to require some larger ones a few miles farther out, although Panama would probably not sell them to another country. These outer islands are much higher, and the possession of them to-day absolutely dominates our insufficient defences and the Pacific entrance of the canal. A hostile fleet could lie off these islands out of range of our cannon, and with

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their bigger and newer guns could do great damage.

In every other way except in matters military there is an impression here of the most extravagant use of money. It seems to have been poured out lavishly by the Canal Commission, and there appears no limit to their doing whatever they wanted to do, yet the protection of this work is disregarded and the military defences are skimped, so that this tempting morsel would probably be one of the first things that some foreign power could destroy or gobble up. The authorities at that time refused a torpedo boat to help guard the entrances, although German boats were interned there from which surveying parties were landed as they pleased on any pretext. Worse still, if possible, there was a German living near the Chagres River who openly owned quantities of dynamite which he said he used for "fishing"! Yet the military authorities here were not allowed to interfere!

What is more, good post grounds have been refused and appropriations for barracks denied. Most of the infantry are stationed to-day in God-forsaken places —in fact, places forsaken even by man, for the troops are compelled to make use of the deserted buildings which the labourers, originally, had inhabited and infested—back in the jungle beyond Culebra, instead of in healthy locations, which would also be more strategical, at the ends of the canal. These stations are on the wrong side of the canal, too, opposite the railroad and the communications with the towns of Panama and Colon, and there is only one bridge across, which is still, as far as I know, opened or kept shut by the canal authorities. Accordingly, the men hate their service in the Zone and seldom re-enlist, whereas if they were properly treated there is no question but the service there would be popular.

Our officers have tried bravely to make the best of these conditions, and have made over the insanitary houses and cut out parade grounds and fought back the jungle and planted flowers and shrubs till the posts look quite well. The Fifth, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry were, when we were there, in these isolated camps, suffocatingly hot and almost intolerable, while so many salubrious hillsides are near the canal ends and the railroad communications, where the posts should be placed.

As General Edwards and his house party were to dine with Colonel Morton of the Fifth, we had to cross the bridge to reach the camp at Empire, where we were met at the little station in the jungle by a mule ambulance to take us up through the post street to his quarters. It was too dark to see well—for the tropic night falls as suddenly as comes the day—but what was seen looked attractive, and the officers' quarters were quite delightful with wide-open porch and pretty rooms. After a very nice dinner we were taken to a "hop," where the girls had a pleasant time with the many officers in their white uniforms, who have so few relaxations that each regiment takes a turn at a Saturday-night dance every week.

Some stories were told us of queer people in these parts. Many years ago, one of the small islands on the Pacific side was the refuge of a leper, for it is only since the Americans came that any special place has been provided for such poor sufferers. On a rock where now is one of our big searchlights once lived a hermit who, when he died, left it to Queen Victoria. I also heard of an old Chinaman, who lived in the hills quite alone and never spoke, and had food only when it was brought to him. He was said to have murdered another Chinaman and to have been tried by his own people, who decreed that he should live upon the grave of his victim the rest of his life.

Occasionally some one is lost in the woods. I was told of a white child who disappeared lately when on a picnic; her footprints were found near a spring not far from the ocean, but that was all. No one ever knew whether it was a croco-

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dile, a boa-constrictor, or a man that caused her disappearance. It is said that, what with heat and thirst and the insects of the country, a strong man could not live more than a few days at most if lost in the forest.

After the torrential rain of the first day of our stay, there was fine weather. Everything was as green as could be to our eyes, but they told us that with the coming of the rains in May the jungle could almost be seen to grow and bloom, and it became a struggle to keep back the tropical tangle from overrunning the barracks and compounds.

One day my husband had fine sport on a fishing trip with Colonel Snyder, the medical officer of the commanding general's staff, who is a veritable Izaak Walton. They were up long before sunrise and took breakfast at the Colonel's quarters across the road. His West Indian cook was quite a wonder and always wore a hat with a long feather in the kitchen when doing her best. General Edwards gave the fishermen his trolley, which was at the station in Balboa when they arrived with their paraphernalia. They started in the darkness before dawn, but as they scooted through the tropical forest over the mountains and across the embankments by the lake, the sun came up suddenly and gloriously, popping up into the sky all glowing and hot at once, and the tropical day had begun. As the chauffeur-engine-driver had his car in fine condition, they sped along at a rate that kept them cool in the early morning, but when they had travelled the forty miles to Gatun the day was a scorcher.

The Colonel and L. were joined by a hospital orderly, who was a good deal of a fisherman and who had arranged to get bait and boats for them. They walked in the great heat across the wide green ramp and followed a little trail to the right through the forest to a landing place on the river, where they found a tiny camp with two dug-out canoes, such as are called cayucas, and some West India black men to paddle them. A small local fish, called snooks, was ready for bait. They paddled up and down the reaches of the river, past banks of great arching tropical trees full of fruits, where many birds and animals were hidden, and enjoyed the sport immensely. The Chagres was at one time so unhealthy that it gave its name to a fatal fever. The fishing for the silver king is sometimes done from the spillway, for the fresh waters flowing over the dam seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the smaller tarpon and they came rolling up the river in great numbers. When the spillway is opened and the rush of water grows wilder the fish come in almost a crazy scramble, and some have been caught by hand as they struggled up into too shallow places.

It was the custom for the fishermen to wade in the swift water and cast down as far as they could, and when they had struck a tarpon they played him to the shore. This mode is dangerous, for not long ago a man was dragged into the spill and drowned.

The Tarpon Club had been established, of which Colonel Snyder was president at the time, and an old house that had been obtained from the government was being set up near the spill as headquarters. Here, in the Zone, we learned for the first time that tarpon was edible—in fact, it sold for ten cents a pound, silver—and so all the fish that could be caught were landed and sold and not let go again as in fishing grounds in Florida. It is a shame that with the high cost of living so much discussed it seems impossible to get people to overcome their prejudices about various fish, so many of them being considered almost delicacies in other countries, while our people would refuse to touch them even if they were starving. Tuna, for instance, is eaten with great relish in Germany.

The last day of our stay we had the great good luck to go through the famous canal on the transport *Buford.* After having been closed by the Culebra slide for so many months, it was opened

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again to traffic. There were not so many steamers waiting as one might have expected: only about ten in all. Among them were English, Norwegian and American ships. By the way, it was interesting to learn that, as soon as the early explorers discovered there was no channel across America to the Pacific, a canal was at once suggested, and in 1550 a book was published by a Portuguese to prove that a canal could be cut through either at Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama or Darien. From that time to the twentieth century the project was never given up.

When the French attempted to build the canal, they did not discover the spotted, yellow-legged lady mosquito which carries yellow fever, so that was one of their greatest difficulties. The Americans began by cleaning up the towns and having the army doctors make experiments, the result being that they now know positively that the mosquito carries yellow fever. For the first experiments negroes gave themselves for mosquito bait and were put in places surrounded by netting. When these enclosures were well filled with the insects the negroes came out and were watched, and the mosquitoes were examined, for there are several different kinds. To find out how far mosquitoes fly they were sprinkled with different colours, and it was found that they seldom went more than four miles. In certain places barrels have been set, from which oil continually drips and floats on the water, thus, in time, killing the mosquito eggs, which are laid on the surface. It is impossible, however, to kill the eggs that are laid in the water-cabbage. Some one suggested that hippopotami be introduced into this region, for they feed on the water-cabbage, but this remedy is hardly necessary, for all the time we were in Panama we never saw a mosquito. Indeed, such great precautions are taken that the yellow-fever kind has practically disappeared.

We saw a model of this mosquito, and were told that the insect must, in the first place, bite some one who has yellow fever during the first three days of the disease, and then must bite some one else after twelve days, to give the fever. Those who are bitten before twelve days have passed do not take the disease, and for this reason the doctors were long puzzled. The Americans are so strict in their sanitary regulations that I hardly think the fever will break out as long as they are on the Isthmus. Even chickens are not allowed to be kept in yards in the Canal Zone, for sanitary reasons, and the rats have all been killed.

To go back to the canal, the original town of Gatun is now deep down under the waters of the lake which has been formed back of the great dam and the locks, but there is a new Gatun with barracks for troops and quarters for officers stringing out over the hill, and houses for the employees, so that it is quite a busy-looking place. At this point is the largest system of locks and they form a noble construction, on so splendid a scale, handsome and impressive with their vast terraces at different levels, huge, towering emergency gates and control houses. Yet so well proportioned are they that the immensity of the whole design is not realised till a ship is seen in relation to it, most ships seeming miniature; and of course the locks are each of them large enough to take in the leviathan liners of to-day—now mostly interned on account of the war, to be sure. The famous Gatun Dam is an immense ridge whose surface is now hidden by a dense growth of grass and tangle. The flooding of the dam and the formation of the vast lake behind it that fits in so beautifully among the mountains have made the wide earth rampart seem a part of the panorama; and the huge constructed portions of the canal itself and the locks, now the waters are in them, have become decorative architectural features in the landscape instead of the impressive but overwhelming "works of man" which people used to travel so far to gaze at.

The locks are of cement construction

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with iron gates, and in front of the gates are chains with red lights attached that go out when they reach the bottom. The water has a depth of only thirty-four feet in the locks, but in other parts of the canal as much as eighty feet or more. A lock is emptied in eight minutes. Everything moved like clockwork, and seemed rather different from the old wooden locks we go through in our houseboat in the States.

Gatun was quite gay when we arrived there, as there was a large number of officers and their families in the place. They were to make the passage through the canal in the transport, and for many of them it was the first opportunity. Major Bradley, in command of the troops at Gatun, many of whom were drilling on the wide approaches to the lock and made a pretty sight, joined us, and with him we had the opportunity to go through all the tunnels that led down beneath the lock emplacements, to the working parts of the huge gates, which look so simple but are of great intricacy and power. All the entrances were guarded by military sentries.

Then we visited a control tower, high up over the locks and basins, from which all the flows and reflows are governed, for every sort of method has been arranged to save the waste of water in the opening and reopening of the basins for ships passing either way. In this tower was a miniature working model that showed at a glance what was going on through the whole length of the canal. This board was "fool-proof," as an officer remarked. If a mistake was made it simply did not work. Everything was done by signals and by turning electric handles, and the safety chains and gates and flows followed automatically. There were five people in all in the tower and an officer to oversee everything, and really two men did the work—remarkably few people, it struck me, for such a huge undertaking.

We got on the *Buford* at the tower by the spillway. The transport started at two o'clock; they told us the canal never was open except in the afternoon, but could be worked, if necessary, night and day. It seems to take about ten hours to go through the canal. The ships have to pass twelve gates, and it costs a dollar and twenty-five cents per ton to send one from ocean to ocean. There were a good many delays in our passage, and with all the vast treasure spent like water on the canal there are some failures in fundamentals and there has been extravagance in details. Goethals did splendid work in organisation, as Gorgas did in sanitation, and all give the credit to Stevens, the great engineer. Indeed, Goethals himself said that when he took hold all the real engineering had been done by Stevens. Goethals made one mistake in selling off the largest and most powerful dredges when the canal was first opened, so that when the Culebra slide occurred there were only smaller ones left to do the work.

Of course, canal pilots take complete control of a ship passing through the canal. In the locks electric locomotives that run alongside on the quays tow the vessel. As the *Buford* went through the locks the method of signalling these locomotives seemed most inadequate, and the pilot was compelled to rush from side to side shouting to inattentive people and waving his arms in an equally unsatisfactory manner. When we passed out of the upper lock at Gatun into the lake the ship was dragged by a current toward the spillway, which had evidently been built too near the entrance of the locks, no doubt an error in construction. We had to make a great circle before we could straighten out our course between the buoys across the lake. Not a very good beginning!

Gatun Lake, as I have said, was artificially made. Although there was some valuable hardwood where the lake is now, it was difficult to lumber, and as the government could not sell it in a hurry, they let the water from the Chagres River in, and it is gradually killing the trees, which you still see standing grey and ghostly, making a

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weird effect. The Chagres flows into the sea at Fort Lorenzo. This beautiful devil river still has its poisonous snakes, as well as sharks and man-eating alligators.

For a time the sail was lovely, as through an inland sea, with islands dotted about and points of land with white lighthouses topping through the jungle, round which we cruised, a panorama of mountains on all sides as a background. Other boats were before and behind us in procession, and at one place we tied up in a wide stretch, while steamers passed by us from the other direction.

After the lake is crossed the canal narrows and becomes a cutting through the lower hills till you come to the tremendous cleft through the highest part of the backbone range of the continent, called Culebra Cut. We moved along slowly and with great care, passing by the dredges that were at work night and day. There was a wonderful tropical sunset as the *Buford* steamed through, and the glow was reflected through the divide in the mountains, where the different earths and strata were rich in colour; it was superb and impressive.

The highest, not the lowest, point in the range was chosen, and it seems now as if another survey might have found the lowest a more advantageous passage. Our engineers were unable to utilise very much of the French work—we could not use the small winding canal they had dug at the Atlantic end for about ten miles, but part of the Culebra Cut done by them has been used and our men felt it wise to take advantage of this because the soundings in the vicinity did not seem to be any better. Engineers, however, disagreed somewhat on this point. The last geologist sent down by the Commission to investigate the cut explained to us that the layer of soft stone that was sliding from both sides into the canal had crumbled. He added that this layer was nearly worn away and after a few more rainy seasons there would be no trouble to speak of, but it would be wise constantly to dredge a little in order to keep the cut open. This is the only soft layer of rock of any size along the canal.

The canal certainly is one of the wonders of the world. When the Eads jetties were built at the mouth of the Mississippi River they were considered very remarkable; the Columbia jetties and the dam at Boise City, Idaho, and the Flagler Railway to Key West are even more so, but the canal surpasses them all. It was after dark when we reached the Pedro Miguel locks, and all the rows of lights that illuminated the passages of the locks were as gay as Broadway. Here we tied up again, so that the large company could disembark, for the *Buford* with her cargo was bound out direct to Honolulu and the Philippines. The moon came up and joined the opalescent waters, and we said good-bye to the army people on board. It was a long walk from the huge lockways to the roads, where automobiles were waiting for us. We motored up the hill to the General's house, and blinked our lights to Captain Stevenson, who answered with his whistles. Then we watched the headlights of the *Buford* glide into the night as she sailed away across the Pacific.

Our interesting visit had come to an end, and we steamed away too the next day in the other direction on the *Cartago,* homeward bound to New Orleans. The passenger list on the return trip was larger than when we went out, some Central Americans and canal employées being added. Not only the holds but also the decks were freighted with thousands on thousands of bunches of bananas. The nights were perfect with the flooding moonlight across the Caribbean. In the Straits of Yucatan we felt the first cool winds. To be sure, the nights had all been comfortable in Panama, but the first cool air seemed to mean that we were again in the temperate regions. At last the low-lying mouth of the Mississippi was sighted, with its lighthouse and the terminal jetty buildings that

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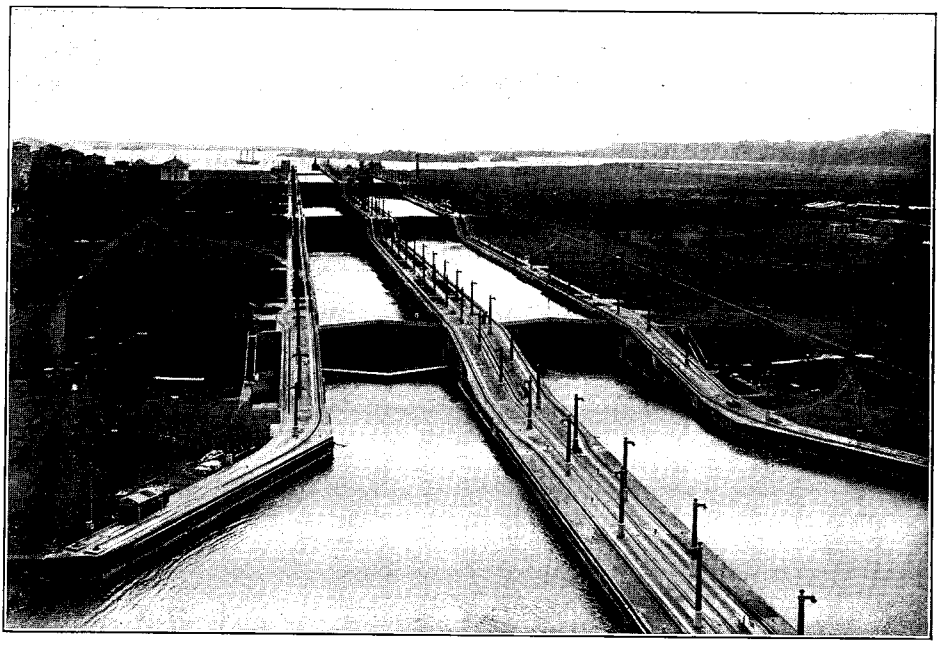
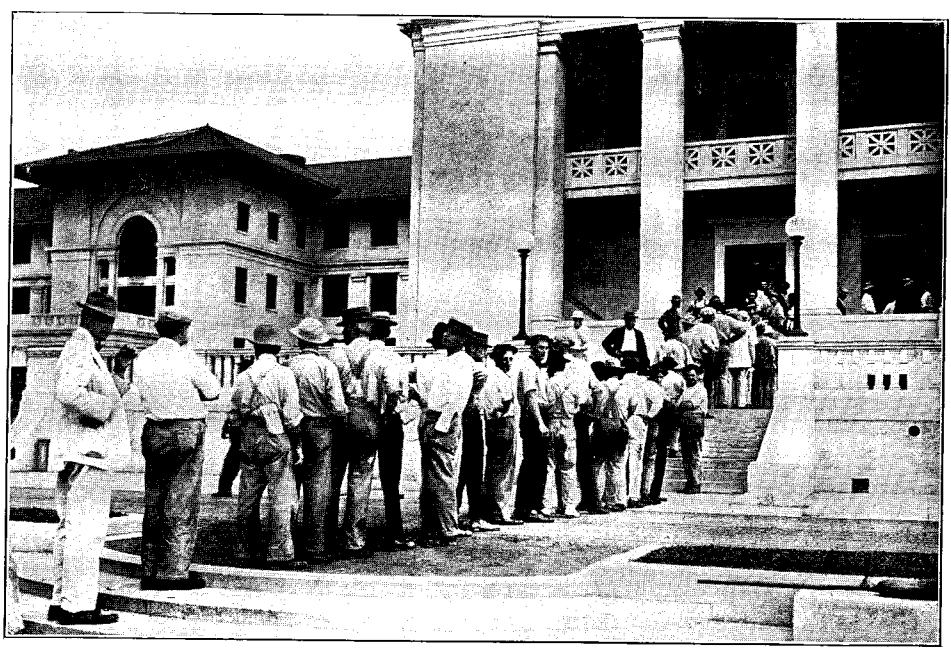


GATUN LOCKS, LOOKING SOUTH



PAY DAY AT THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, BALBOA HEIGHTS

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looked afloat on the waters. Up the narrow canal way to Pilottown we went, and were examined at quarantine in rather an amusing manner, everybody standing in a long line with thermometers sticking out of their mouths and looking most self-conscious and rather absurd. The *Cartago* docked once more at the great wharf sheds on the river front of New Orleans.

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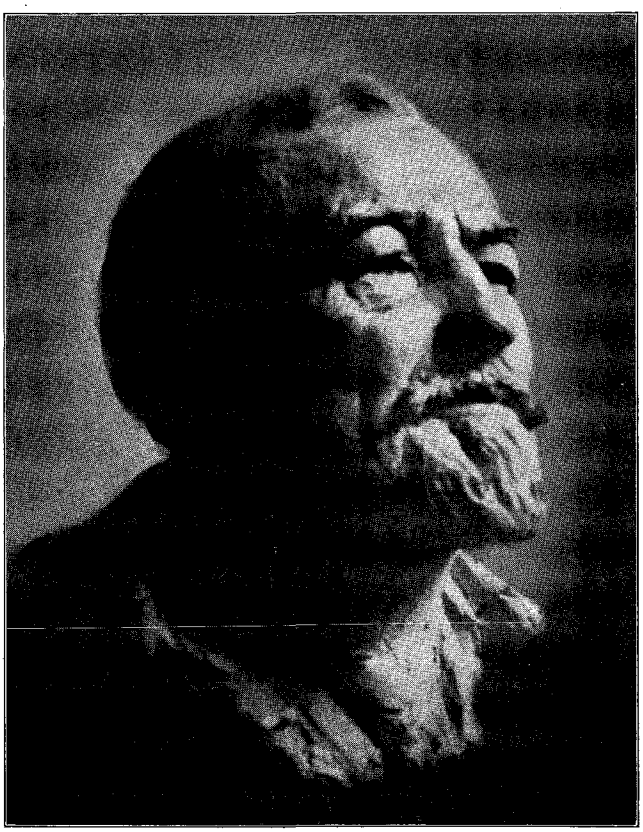
Chronicle and Comment

A Bust of Conrad

When Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, first began to attract the attention of the savants in Paris he was called an extreme impressionist with a tendency toward eccentricity. The scepticism of the critics soon passed, however, with the production and exhibition of one after another subjects which attracted favourable and widespread comment. Perhaps his busts have been the most popular, although his pieces like "The Russian Dancer" have attracted attention. The picture of Mr. Davidson's bust of Joseph Conrad is reproduced here with his permission. It is the only bust of Conrad in existence and has been exhibited both in London and New York. It is now in the possession of the sculptor.



BUST OF JOSEPH CONRAD BY JO DAVIDSON, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR

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The Religion of the Future

When Mr. H. G. Wells speaks it is well worth while to listen—to be sure, Mr. Wells has been talking so much lately that it requires some little attention to keep up with him. His latest notable work, however, *God the Invisible King,* represents the culmination of the philosophic ideas that his many intellectual excursions and adventures have accumulated. From *The Time Machine* to *Mr. Britling Sees It Through,* Mr. Wells has projected his mind both into the imaginary vistas opened up by science and into the many varied reactions of social life, and with his sensitiveness to the earliest unformed currents of thought he manages to express this drift of mass ideas, often before most of us are aware of any deviation in the flow. So it is in *God the Invisible King* that a modern religion is outlined before the world has generally accepted the passing of Christianity! In the first part of the book the conception of God is stripped of the many heresies that have grown about it, both by the speculations of the intellectual apologists and because of the inherent weaknesses of human nature. Among the first kind are the theological creations of the Trinity, the Redemption and the "ten thousand different expositions of orthodoxy"; among the second kind are the heresies that God is Magic, Providence, an Avenger, or a sex being. Upon the bare skeleton that is left Mr. Wells proceeds to build up the modern God. He is Courage, Youth, Love, a person; at the same time the concept of Him includes a synthesis of human thought and aspirations—He is that Life Power that has adventured up from the "intertidal slime" of geologic time to the multifarious forms of living things of to-day, He is that Will to Live that each of us feels "carrying on" through the individual and through the racial existence. And of the religion of this God, and especially of it as a guide to conduct, Mr. Wells says, "The religion of the future is that devotion to the racial adventure under the captaincy of God. . . . Service, and service alone, is the criterion that the quickened conscience will recognise . . . the modern conception of the collective [racial] enterprise is the determining criterion of human conduct."

If all mankind could orientate its action to this ideal it might prove Mr. Wells's "religion" the best yet evolved, but unfortunately most of us yet live within our emotions and require a much more concrete, workable theology to control our actions into any degree of social consistency. And a widespread acceptance of Wells's "religion of the future" would require a development of consciousness either hopelessly beyond the capacities of the race or at least outside of the limit of possibility for generations to come. In the meantime *God the Invisible King* is well worth a careful reading.

. . .

Patience Worth

Apropos of the not inconsiderable interest in psychical research, especially as it recently has been stimulated by the war (of which also the papers by M. Maeterlinck and Sir Oliver Lodge in this issue of THE BOOKMAN are an indication), is the publication of another of the "Patience Worth" books, *A Sorry Tale.* This novel purports to have been communicated word by word, or, rather, letter by letter, over a ouija board to Mrs. John H. Curran by the personality or spirit that calls itself "Patience Worth." According to the preface of the book, the spirit, "Patience Worth," introduced herself one evening in the summer of 1913 when Mrs. Curran sat before her ouija board, with the declaration that she had lived long ago and now had come again. The account in the preface says:

> From that time she has poured out a continuous stream of communications, conversational or literary, including hundreds of poems, numerous parables and allegories, several short stories, a drama, and two

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novels. All of her compositions are distinguished by the archaic form of her language, which is, however, not the same in any two of her larger works, there being important dialectal variations that make each one quite different from the others in this particular, and the archaic quality as well as the dialectal form varies as much in her minor productions as in her conversations. Yet upon all of them is the impress of a single creative personality. Each and every one of them bears the imprint of Patience Worth.

. . .

"The Sorry Tale"

The Sorry Tale is a story somewhat reminiscent of Marie Corelli's *Barabbas*. The son of Tiberius Cæsar by a Greek slave woman is born in a leper's hovel outside the walls of Bethlehem at the same time that Christ is born within the town. These two, the natural son of Cæsar, and Christ are the main characters of the story, and come into contact from time to time, meeting finally on Calvary, the son of Cæsar as one of the thieves. The story is written in curious and even involved language, so that the meaning is often obscure, requiring patient effort to understand it. But if one can maintain his interest through the three hundred odd thousand words he will discover a well-constructed plot, a sense of the dramatic, a beauty of thought and style, and an excellent picture of the Roman world when the Empire was at its height. A paragraph from the preface describing Mrs. Curran's connection with the work is interesting to quote:

Mrs. Curran, through whom all of this matter has come, is a young woman of normal disposition and temperament, intelligent and vivacious. She receives the communications with the aid of the mechanical device known as the ouija board as a recording instrument. There is no trance or any abnormal mental state. She sits down with the ouija board as she might sit down to a typewriter, and the receipt of the communications begins with no more ceremony than a typist would observe. Mrs. Curran has had no experience in literary composition and has made no study of literature, ancient or modern. Nor, it may be added, has she made any study of the

MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN, TO WHOM "PATIENCE WORTH" COMMUNICATED "THE SORRY TALE"

history, the religions, or the social customs of the period of this story, nor of the geography or topography of the regions in which it is laid. Her knowledge of Palestine and of the beginnings of the Christian religion is no greater, and probably no less, than that of the average communicant.

. . .

Charles Warren Stoddard

The edition of *Poems by Charles Warren Stoddard,* just published, recalls attention to the "Poet of the South Seas," the old companion of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Prentice Mulford, Mark Twain and all the early pioneers of North American letters. Although his name

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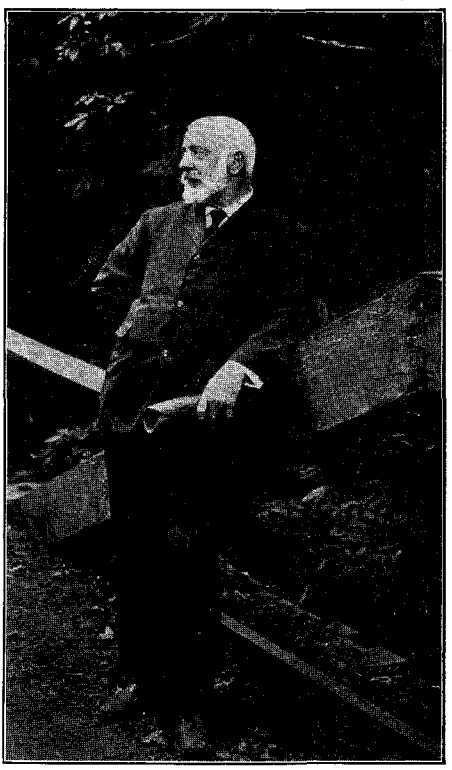
and work are of the Far West, Stoddard was born in Rochester in 1843 and went across the continent when a child. In early manhood he made his first visit to Hawaii after a rather uneventful course at the University of California. His literary gifts came to him as spontaneously as his loving disposition, and his success in journalism was immediate. He spent several years in Europe and Asia as correspondent for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* writing essays and sketches that, when later published in book form, gave him a reputation as analyst and observer. His point of view was blessed with what Howells called his "mustang humour," which made all he wrote delightful and surprising. The great book from his pen, *South Sea Idyls,* shared with *Exits and Entrances* and *The Islands of Tranquil Delights* the favour of a generation and a half of American readers. No man of his time enjoyed a wider friendship among the world's literary personages than Stoddard; besides the western group, among whom he was considered a titan, he knew Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley and Stevenson. Theodore Bentzon in a thirty-page review of his works in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* declared of his writings: "They have the flavour of the pomegranate in its native place, the fire of the oleander, the softness and languor of summer seas, with a dash, too, of the surf with its curving foam; the whole pervaded by the subtle spirit of the South."



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

. . .

The Censorship

The controversy between the newspaper publishers and the government over the censorship of war news is taking on interesting developments. On July 4th, Secretary of War Baker arbitrarily took into his control the censorship of all press despatches from France. These cables were diverted from New York to Washington to go through the hands of Mr. Creel and his Committee on Public Information and then were ready on call for the representatives of the newspapers to which the cables originally were addressed. A storm of protest arose from newspaper editors who might have to suffer a loss of a little time in receiving their news and a considerable loss of dignity in not being allowed themselves to conduct their own censoring. The points of criticism of Secretary Baker's action were technical and gave every evidence of hurt pride on the part of the critics, while little was said as to the wisdom or justification of his course. At the time Mr. Baker stated that the arrangement was only a temporary one and would be maintained "only so long as is necessary to perfect a smooth-working plan to handle this matter," and in a later statement outlined the details of the arrangement, assuring the newspapers that "an adequate force (of censors) to deal promptly with the despatches will

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be on hand twenty-four hours a day." On the following day, July 5th, Secretary of War Baker revoked his order with the explanation, "the emergency having passed." The "emergency" may have justified Mr. Baker's action in the first place and its passing may have permitted the speedy relinquishing of the censorship that followed, but the world will think otherwise. Instead of the calm, well-though-out action of a strong man thinking only of the nation's welfare, we have the spectacle of the sudden decision of a hysterical temperament aroused by the narrowest escape from disaster (if the news of the attack on our transports be true) and the appearance of bravado in the assumption of power beyond that warranted by law, and then in the face of criticism the weak retraction of a man not sure of his action or of himself. This may be an unfair picture, but it is the picture that the world at large will see, and this effect should have been taken into consideration before playing jack-straws with an unaccustomed authority and power.

. . .

On Public "Information"

On top of this distressing exhibition comes the news that the submarine "attack" on our transports was a myth, or, at any rate, magnified out of all proportion to the event. And when questioned, our chairman of the Committee on Public Information, Mr. Creel, admitted that he "elaborated" the despatches he received, turning out as a result that flowery, self-congratulatory proclamation signed by Secretary Daniels with which our deluded people helped to celebrate the Fourth of July. Whether or not Secretary Daniels and his Committee on Public Information intend in the future to "elaborate" all their despatches for public consumption is not stated, while the Secretary also maintains a discreet silence with regard to the actual terms of these despatches from Rear Admiral Gleaves, but unless some reassuring statements of actual facts are forthcoming from this exalted quarter, the last vestige of confidence in the Editor-Secretary will quite disappear—a gentleman, by the way, who reminds us of nothing so much as those loud-mouthed American colonels that Dickens portrayed following his *Travels* among us—mostly bluff and noise. In the meantime the Senate inquiry (suggested at the time of this writing) into Mr. Creel's activities and methods should not be amiss, for if we *must* have an official distributor of information we may as well start promptly to educate him to stick to his facts—a capacity that the present incumbent does not seem to regard as essential to his office. With a Cabinet containing one minister whose acts certainly create the impression of a personality without sufficient force and decision of character for the office, and another minister who has become our National Joke, the conclusion that a section of our executive is engaged in giving spiritual comfort, and not a little amusement, to the enemy is not far wrong. A Coalition Cabinet would be a blessing from more than one point of view.

. . .

Life as a Fighter

Fortunately, however, politics will have no effect upon our men at the front in France, and if we want to know just how our soldiers will live —how they will eat, sleep, dig trenches and fight the Germans—we can find one of the most graphic accounts in the experiences of a young American who fought in the English army for a year and a half, and who has now written out his story in *Over the Top*. Arthur Guy Empey, the author, tells how the sinking of the *Lusitania* first aroused him at his office in Jersey City, of his sudden decision to fight against Germany, and of his experiences in the English regiment. From London to France as an English "Tommy" Mr. Empey journeyed, and then after his training he went to the front, where he took part in about every variety of trench warfare that has been

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ARTHUR GUY EMPEY, AUTHOR OF "OVER THE TOP"

devised in this war. Not only did he conduct himself satisfactorily in regular duties, but with what we like to call characteristic Yankee grit, he volunteered for every dangerous enterprise in his section. His description is an intimate, straightforward and detailed account of the day-to-day life and the day-to-day fight of the British soldier. There is no philosophising on the ideals involved in the struggle, nor any long drawn out discussions of personal reactions to the experiences and horrors of war with which we have become satiated. Not that Mr. Empey fails to note some of the most gruesome incidents that we have ever read about the war, but that he states them in such an impersonal way, even enlivening it all by his bright, optimistic humour, that the interest in his narrative is quite irresistible. One of the most realistic of his descriptions is that of the trench raid in which he received the wounds that invalided him home, and from which only one other man out of the seventeen that went escaped. The party crawled across No Man's Land, and had about cut their way through the German wire entanglements when they were discovered by the German flares, and were shot down to a man, including the author, who received a wound in the face. His own description of the result is worth quoting:

> The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. . . . Then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so;

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a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if some one had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it toward the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backward while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Mr. Empey is now in this country lecturing, and either to hear him, or more especially to read his book, affords about as good a second-hand knowledge of what our own men will experience in France as can yet be obtained.

. . .

Mrs. Atherton's Feminism

Mrs. Atherton is torn by two devouring interests—war relief and feminism. But in her new book, *The Living Present,* it is the latter that wins out; for, although the essays of which the book is made up are mainly about the relief work conducted by women in France, these accounts are merely the texts from which Mrs. Atherton proceeds to her ideas about woman's place and opportunity in the world, which she details at some length in her closing chapters, "The Threat of the Matriarchate," "Real Victims of Society," "The Highly Specialised." Reading her book is somewhat alarming for a mere man, for we have gained the impression that unless the male members of society band themselves together into a sort of offensive anti-matriarchate movement, the world after this war is likely to become a woman-run community chorus. Among women at home, as well as in France, Mrs. Atherton admires the successful and independent careers, and she has kindly written for THE BOOKMAN the following little sketch of a most interesting and capable personality and an excellent novelist:

. . .

Honoré Willsie

"Honoré Willsie, who comes of fine old New England stock—although she looks like a Burne-Jones, and would have made a furore in London in the eighties—was brought up in the idea that an American woman should fit herself for self-support no matter what her birth and conditions. Her mother, although the daughter of a rich man, was brought up on the same principles and taught school until she married. All her friends, no matter how well-to-do, made themselves useful and earned money. Therefore Mrs. Willsie was thoroughly imbued while a very young girl with the economic ideal, although her mother had planted with equal thoroughness the principle that it was every woman's primary duty to marry and have a family.

"Mrs. Willsie was educated at Madison, Wisconsin, beginning with the public schools and graduating from the university. She married immediately after leaving college, and, encouraged by her husband, a scientist, and as hard a student as herself, she began to write. Her first story followed the usual course; it was refused by every magazine to which she sent it; but, undiscouraged, she rewrote it for a syndicate. For the year after this she used the newspapers as a sort of apprenticeship to literature, and wrote story after story until she had learned the craft of "plotting." When she felt free in her new medium she began writing for the better magazines, and, compared with most authors, she has had little hard climbing

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in her upward course. Then came the third stage. She wrote a novel. It was refused by every publisher in New York, but finally accepted as a serial in the first magazine that had rejected it. This was *Heart of the Desert.* After that followed *Still Jim,* which established her and paved the way for an immediate reception for that other fine novel of American life, *Lydia of the Pines.*

"Mrs. Willsie's gifts are idealism, a real understanding of the American character and the foundation upon which it has built itself, a gift for rapid, fluent narrative, sharp characterisation, picturesqueness, and an instinct for the essentials that matter. Her defects lie in the technique of construction, which she has not yet mastered and in certain faults of style, or taste. She writes well naturally, but is too much given to let her text run on in the same loose and slangy English as her western characters necessarily employ. But these are merely the defects of the young writer and will soon be overcome. It was about two years ago that she was asked to undertake the editorship of *The Delineator,* and at first she hesitated, although the work appealed to her; she had no reason to believe that she had possessed executive ability. The owner thought differently, and the event has justified him. She ranks to-day as one of the most successful, courageous, and resourceful editors of women's magazines in the country."

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SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

The Red Planet is not a war story on a big scale, or primarily a war story at all; but Mr. Locke clears his title of suspicion as a mere catchword by giving its source in full:

> Not only over death-strewn plains,
> Fierce 'mid the cold white stars,
> But over sheltered vales of home,
> Rides the Red Planet Mars.

This is a tale written against the background of war. "The White Feather" might have better suggested its central motive, for the chief figure in the action is an English officer with a lifelong strain of cowardice to fight down and conceal. In the Boer War he has been guilty of one particular act of poltroonery which is known only to two or three human beings. The memory of it haunts him, and the fact of it is brought home to him at last. Meanwhile on the French front he has been held a marvel for bravery. All sorts of reckless feats are piled up to his credit, and one by one he wins all the coveted decorations. But this, as he privately confesses to the Major Meredyth who is supposed to tell the story, is all done in cold blood. He has no difficulty in daring, if he has time to see what is to be done and to plan its doing. What unmans him is the sudden emergency, the unforeseen encounter, the peril that rushes from an unexpected quarter. This is a spiritual or physical failing; his moral weakness lies in the elaborate cunning with which he seeks to cover his fault and its consequences. The incident in South Africa has cost several lives; but Leonard Boyce has thought only of hiding his responsibility and saving his skin and his reputation. The girl he has loved and betrayed drowns before his eyes while he stands by, unable to move to her rescue. The girl of his later love might have been trampled to death under those same eyes if it had not been for the instinctive courage and efficiency of a crippled veteran: an instant later the man is able to gloss over if not quite conceal his failure, which he himself loathes. Eventually he attempts one exploit too many against the Germans and is sent home blind. Then comes the test of his relation to the proud and beautiful Betty; she loves him, and is all the more drawn to devote herself to him by the physical price he has paid for England. Meanwhile, though Major Meredyth has come to know the whole truth about Boyce, he has no heart to betray him to Betty; and when Boyce himself tells Betty of his past she is by no means influenced to turn against him. She says to the Major: "For the last month or two you've known what he has done. It hasn't made any difference in your friendship. You must think with me that the past is the past, that he has purged his sins, or whatever you like to call them; that he is a man greatly to be forgiven." And the doughty Major agrees, with tears in his voice. The reader may by this time find himself wondering if it all rings true, if the story-teller is quite pulling off his attempt to heroise the villain. Leonard Boyce takes himself out of the way, for Betty's sake, by suicide; whereupon Betty, that the reader may not go away

*The Red Planet. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.
April Folly. By St. John Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.
Young Low. By George A. Dorsey. New York: George H. Doran Company.
His Own Country. By Paul Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
Edith Bonham. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
My Mother and I. By E. G. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Enchantment. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
The Pope's Favourite. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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gloomy, contrives a quick romantic *rapprochement* with the doughty Major—and then we are quite sure that the whole story has been a piece of clever claptrap. Any war might have served as the background; oddly enough, the only time when we come vigourously in contact with the present is at the moment of a curious diatribe (which does not help the story) on the part of Mr. Locke *via* his Major against the British Board of Education and its methods.

The very young man experimenting with life has been the favourite subject of the younger group of British story-tellers. Their mood has been one of conscious emancipation from Victorian prudery and hypocrisy, and they have naturally found their models for free speech and interpretation elsewhere than in England. Unluckily free speech and sincere interpretation are not one and the same. In taking over the Continental method they seem too often to have taken over also the Continental male, and to have presented him with the trimming of Cockney or Oxford accent, as the young Briton *de nos jours*. They have obscured the process somewhat by dealing chiefly with "artistic" youth, which is supposed to have little or no country. Ever since the great war began we continue to hear about this young person, though frequently (as in the *Changing Winds* of St. John Ervine) the war is permitted to make something like a normal British subject of him. *April Folly* goes back to the undisturbed temperamental arena of London in late Victorian days. It retails the mild adventures, amatory and other, of the usual young ass in his early twenties, dabbing at experience and making a pretty thorough mess of things. Denis Yorke is of barely upper middle class provincial origin. A public-school career has possessed him of friends of good blood and breeding; he himself is permitted to have the nature as well as the education of a gentleman. This is refreshing, for the English novel usually insists upon the ingrained caddishness of any youth born of vulgarians. Denis is a musician, a pianist and composer of promise; his intimates are a group of young Bohemians, painters and writers and players of one sort or another, who live in that delightful atmosphere of pipe-smoke and do-as-you-please with which fiction has now pretty well acquainted the dullest of us. *Pendennis* initiated us mildly, *Trilby* gave us a final degree. Hundreds of later books dealing with the Latin quarter, or Soho, or Greenwich Village, have made the types and properties and somewhat limited situations of this amiable life-in-the-veal as familiar as respectability itself. Mr. Lucas's version has the merit of quietly humanising materials which have been so often merely galvanised for an easy public. These young people are inherently decent, too, with all their unconventionality—perhaps that is the Victorianism of it. Denis Yorke's young folly leads him through a deal of mush, but never hopelessly into the mire. On the other hand, though he is a lad of fine feeling and (no doubt) of genius, a lad he remains, a child groping for the will-o'-the-wisp. Will he ever be anything else? That is the question I am always moved to by these studies of youthful "temperament." What is it all about?—the belated play of an infant, or the making of a man? It is not an idle question, since the world is, after all, a world of men, and nobody believes seriously that, except in superficial ways, men are but children of a larger growth. Character rules the world, and we must do strong things, to get them done. His genius apart (and genius, as the novelists will not see, is a feeble hypothesis) Denis Yorke appears to be and to remain an amiable youth who does not know what he wants of life and is vaguely aggrieved that he does not get it.

Precisely the same thing may be said of the quasi-hero of *Young Low,* an American story of the same species. The author has drunk deeper of the doubtful springs of Continental naturalism, as

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piped across the Atlantic by way of England. Here is one of our youthful amatory adventurers who is, thank Heaven, well above the brutal Dreiserian type, but whose ruling Libido, to use Freud's word, is frankly on the plane of sex. Young Low is, we grant, his name and not his nature. He has an unfailing habit of self-idealisation which, in the main, protects him from conscious infamy. He does not wallow in mire, nor is he the promiscuous male found in all societies. But, stripped of its gloss, his sexual story is not a manly one. We may pass over the piteous initiation of his adolescence—as the author does not. He is early engaged to a nice girl of his own Western "home town," goes to Harvard and becomes enamoured of a Boston society woman a dozen years his senior, returns West intending to marry his Western girl, but puts it off, goes farther West as a travelling man and picks up a little French mistress, whom he keeps for some time. He professes a really deep feeling for this faithful little creature, but deserts her for good when the Boston woman beckons him back to the East. He lives with that lady in Europe for some years as (to put it flatly) her kept man, and permits her to cast him off at the moment when the death of her husband apparently makes their way clear for permanent happiness. As the girl of the home town has meanwhile given him up and married, this leaves our Young Low at a loose end, and he goes drifting out of our sight—toward his next adventure. This is not all of the story, but it is undeniably the framework of it, and the basis for the publisher's cheery announcement that "you have never read a book like this. You have never read so frank a revelation of a young man's life—a boyhood and youth intensely American, both in ancestry and surroundings." This exaggerates matters a little, since we may recall a number of stories of recent years which approach this one in realism of setting and "frankness," not to say grossness, of detail. Part I of this book gives an uncommonly vivid picture of certain aspects of childhood and boyhood in a small Ohio community. We have already had such a picture, frank without grossness, in Mr. Howells's "A Boy's Town," and the two pictures might well be compared as illustrating the difference between protestant and catholic methods in literary art.

His Own Country appears to express the extraordinary reaction of a dramatist from the restrictions to which his trade has subjected him. Here is an uncommonly long-winded story; its seven hundred pages seem to spread themselves before us in luxurious indifference to considerations of time or space. The publisher's assurance that the novel has not been serialised may readily be credited even by readers who do not follow the magazines; some years of "serialisation" would have been required unless a very radical curtailment had been adopted. The writer has particularly enjoyed his freedom to permit his characters to talk as long as they like, and a great many long speeches by the spouting protagonist are reported in full. The hand of the playwright betrays itself, however, in the series of dramatic or melodramatic episodes upon which the story hinges. People have an over-convenient habit of being on the spot when the situation needs them; events dovetail into each other with deadly neatness. The audience is gripped, as it were, by machinery. But it *is* gripped and on the whole successfully held, in spite of everything. Mr. Kester's theme is one which no American can regard indifferently, and he brings a fresh hand and serious purpose to its discussion. Discussion, on the whole, is the word, for we cannot feel that the story-teller has altogether succeeded in embodying his theme through characterisation and action. A great variety of human types is represented in these pages, but we never quite pass from our conscious acceptance of them as types to a sense of intimacy with them as persons. The book must be taken as an illustrated discourse upon the Southern "race prob-

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lem," undertaken in a spirit of liberal inquiry, or, more generously, as a "problem novel," with all the merits and defects of its quality. The Washingtons and Beverleys of Weyanoke Cross Roads, Virginia, represent the post-bellum Southern aristocracy, decayed in its fortunes, but firmly clinging to its ancient pride and prejudice. The time comes when Comorn Hall, the stately seat of the Beverleys, can no longer be held, and it is sold to an unknown Northerner, a Dr. J. C. Brent, who has been a successful physician in Canada. Preparations are made to welcome him, and he is elected to the vestry of Weyanoke Church. His wife, who precedes him to Comorn Hall, is found to be a rather silent but presentable woman of English blood. Then come J. C. Brent and the deluge: he turns out to be one Julius Cæsar, a former slave of the neighbourhood. In Canada he has been received as a social equal, but he has had a longing for "his own country," and has vaguely believed that changed conditions and his own respectable achievement would give him a decent place in the community. He finds himself, of course, a "nigger," cut off with his white wife and their nearly white children from all intercourse but that of the ignorant blacks who swarm about Weyanoke. His sense of the injustice of this is intensified by the fact, well known to everybody, that he is the son of one of the proudest of these aristocrats, by a slave-woman who had herself only a touch of black blood in her veins. Julius Cæsar is a man of education and a man of ambition; he determines to fight it out for the sake of "his race." Here, to be sure, is another bit of paradox. One notices throughout the story that this man who deeply resents being called a nigger on account of his trace of negro blood, really thinks of himself as a black man; and that, moreover, in all moments of moral crisis he betrays a lack of stamina which the author quite clearly identifies with the African taint, or tincture, in his veins. Brent talks greatly, acts greatly on occasion. But his theory of the equality of his own race and the whites is on the surface, secretly he is aware that something is lacking; and the feeling is borne out by the failure of his great plans and the steady degeneration of his own nature. Death offers the only means of escape from the hopeless problem which he has failed to solve. As a tract this book, prophesying as it does a great struggle to the death between the black race and the white, may do more harm than good; as a story, with all its touches of realism, it amounts to a skillful melodramatic contrivance on a great scale.

In *Edith Bonham* Mrs. Foote tells with her accustomed skill and subtlety a story of East and West, the staid East of her youth and the picturesque West of *mesa* and mining camp in which her years of maturity have been passed. Edith Bonham is the super-refined and slightly introverted product of Eastern sophistication who is brought roughly in contact with the crude force of life in its elements, who rebels and reacts and is prudish and fanciful, and finally owns herself a woman by doing the perfectly simple and natural thing. It is a pother of her own and her ancestors' making, in which, it must be confessed, Mrs. Foote appears to have had a hand. The reader may find himself (if not herself) in a rather impatient mood before all the misapprehensions and mystifications of a fairly simple situation are permitted to be cleared up. Edith's bosom friend has been snatched away from her by marriage with an Idaho engineer. The friend dies while Edith is journeying Westward to take a permanent place in the household on the *mesa* as a species of governess to the children. Edith cannot leave them motherless although, with little apparent cause, she has taken a dislike to their widowed father. Here is the situation: of course it can have only one ending, but with Edith's nature that ending must necessarily be deferred. Maclay at first surprises her by his apparent devotion to the memory of his wife, and then outrages her by offering

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marriage to herself. He has made this offer to protect her from gossip, but she takes it to be an insult; and a long game at cross-purposes ensues, in the course of which both players are bound to come to the knowledge of their mutual love and need. Edith tells the story herself. If in her main course of it she makes herself out a rather forbidding and egotistical young person, the issue fairly justifies her: she has much to give. Mrs. Foote's style, as always, with its quiet clarity, offers grateful refreshment to ears which may be a trifle weary of the din and "punch" of the current literary mode.

The Jew in America has been the theme of several recent novels of unusual merit. In the most ambitious of them, *The Chosen People,* Mr. Nyburg has emphasised the importance of maintaining the Jewish integrity of blood and the Jewish ideals, as being valuable assets for the human race as a whole. The *Witte Arrives* of Elias Tobenkin and *My Mother and I,* on the other hand, advocate the process of the "melting pot" as a means of escape from Judaism. These two stories have points of striking resemblance. In both cases there is the child of a Jewish immigrant, a rabbi of the old country, wedded to the old faith and the old ways. These people have come to America clinging to the past: all they ask of the future is freedom. Progress means nothing to them; America means nothing except as a place which offers liberty of a sort. But it is the land in which their children are now to be bred and schooled, weaned from the ancient faith and given a new patriotism. The girl of the present narrative, like young Witte, responds quickly to contact with the standards of the New World. The life of the ghetto, which seems so natural and satisfying to her parents, becomes an offence to her before she has passed the gates of childhood. Her hard-won training in high school and college, and her resultant intimacy with life in "the American home," complete her mental and social separation from her own people. She marries an American, a man who can speak only English. She becomes an American—perfects her escape. There is a trace of snobbishness in her xultation at having risen above the lot of her drudging, child-bearing, gossipping sisters of the ghetto; there is something ruthless in this steadfast pursuit of her own life, which it consciously involves estrangement from her people as embodied in her mother. The whole book has, linked with its pæan of triumph in having achieved that great thing "modern womanhood" and that other great thing, the American home, an elegiac strain. The author has no dream for her race, with its ancient faith and its potential solidarity. It must escape from the synagogue and the ghetto, fuse itself with newer races, newer faiths and modes of living. Witte signalises the consummation of his Americanism by marrying a Gentile. The present writer appears to identify the Jew with the ghetto of her own youth—as if the Gentile had not his own filthier slums for Americanism to boast of. In contrast with this, the large racial idealism of a book like *The Chosen People* is as a trumpet-call to the plaintive flute of the exile.

That many a story of modern life is reducible to the terms of imperishable romance is the pleasant theorem demonstrated in the *Enchantment* of that experienced enchanter, E. Temple Thurston. Every proper romance, he holds, is so reducible—and most reality is romance. Indeed, "there is nothing so full of magic as reality; but just because some dunderhead has shuffled the issues up in a basketful of modern words and new-fashioned terminologies we have come to regard an express train as a far less wonderful thing than a pair of three-leagued boots. . . . The pity is that wonder has gone out of the eyes of a man before knowledge has crept in. He is like a child who has been permitted a glimpse behind the scenes, and having seen the crude reality of ropes and pulleys, of changing lights and shifting

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canvases, can no longer enjoy the magic of the story on the stage. . . . Dragging the weary feet of an old man, he comes out of the theatre of Life, crying for reality. It is a new word, wherefore he thinks it is a new thing; and a new thing is a new toy, which, being a child, he thinks more to be desired than anything besides. But you can no more disguise the old meanings of life with the new words of man's invention than you can put old wine into new bottles. Reality is the same magic as of old, the self-same magic as when Scheherezade sat telling her tales to the Sultan in Bagdad, the same as when Jack was a Giant-killer and Cinderella rode in her fairy coach to the ball." Here, for example, in the guise of a plain Irish love-story, we have the story of the ages—an affair of the enchanted princess who waits, and not in vain, to be rescued by her destined prince; and the rest of the famous personæ, giants and fairy godmothers, court physicians and sorcerers, are close at hand, if we have the wit to identify them. The king of the tale is one John Desmond, a son of Irish kings, and for the rest a down-at-heels gentleman who, in the perilous hour of his wife's final childbed, swears a drunken oath that if she bear a daughter the child shall enter a convent. As the child grows up she winds herself about his heart, and with the approval of good Father Casey Desmond makes "a bargain with God" by agreeing to sacrifice his bottle instead of his daughter. Ten years later he lapses, and despairingly admits that the original contract must be fulfilled. On the eve of Patricia's immolation, however, the prince appears in the person of a strong young adventurer and carries her off at the eleventh hour, to the great satisfaction of Desmond and the reader. It is a little story of original and engaging flavour.

Clearly above the ordinary historical romance, in colour and in texture, is *The Pope's Favourite,* by that serious and versatile student of human affairs, Mr. Joseph McCabe. For his latest interpretation of Roman and papal history he has chosen a parlous theme, the period of that Rodrigo Borgia who ruled Rome as Alexander VI. The story presents him as a pleasure-loving pagan of not ungenerous nature, doomed to fall more and more under the dominance of his son Cesare's malign will. All that splendour and infamy of papal Rome we see through the wistful eyes of the girl and girl-woman Giulia. Given over to the great Cardinal as his "favourite" before his wealth procured the papal majesty, she has conceived a wifely devotion for him; and to her, whatever his momentary infidelities, he always turns for comfort and companionship. He is her sole guide, and only by degres and partially does she come to apprehend the mockery of his position as God's vicar, and the essential corruption of his Rome. Whatever her limitations, she remains a figure of sweetness and pathos, rather than of shame. As for the other Borgias, Cesare is the demon of fable, but his sister Lucrezia is pictured as a being hapless rather than vile, "a merry, impulsive child, as far removed from the Lucrezia Borgia of European tradition as one could conceive." She, also, is to become a victim of Cesare's ruthless will. A multitude of minor persons throng these pages, with as little confusion as may be; and the gorgeous prodigality of the papal court and its pleasures, the political intrigues and far-flung machinations, which that prodigality served to veil and to condone in the eyes of a childlike world, are made to "come alive" for us in an extraordinary way. The book amply justifies the author's claim, in his dedication to Mr. Phillpotts: "I have but put a little blood into the veins of the great dead figures of the Borgia period and restored the missing threads of the worn historical tapestry."

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THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

IV. ANANGAMOHINI BARMAN

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

NOT long ago Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu Nobel Prize winner, wrote a letter in Bengali to Anangamohini Barman, the Hindu poetess. I was fortunate to have had the opportunity of reading that letter. It may be translated as follows:

RESPECTED LADY:

I am happy to receive as a present your books of poems. I sense a natural aroma in the poems contained in them. Their beauty is very simple and pervading. And yet, your art is quite natural to yourself. This special technique of yours has blossomed at its best in your latest books.

You certainly know how your father bestowed his affection on me. And your brother, too, counted me as a friend. On account of my heartfelt friendship with your family, I am all the more interested in the excellence of your poems. I wish that all the sorrows of your life may find their perfect fruition in the fullest development of your poetic genius.

I am, your well-wisher,
RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Anangamohini Devi, as she is generally called, was born as the eldest daughter of His Highness the late Maharaja Birchandra Manikya Bahadur of Tipperah. His Highness was a great patron of arts and learning. In his court flourished musicians, poets and painters. He helped, in more ways than one, the artists and poets in different parts of India. When in his youth Rabindranath Tagore was being harshly dealt with by the critics, it was this noble-minded prince of men that made friends with the young poetic genius and encouraged him in every possible way. And again, when Tagore opened his school at Bolpur it was this Maharaja and his son that helped him substantially to sustain the school. The Maharaja was a poet himself, and a musician of distinction. He taught Tagore music. Tagore in his turn was wont to sing his own songs and recite his own poems for the Maharaja. His Highness predicted a great future for the young poet, which has really come true.

Born in an artistic environment, Anangamohini showed signs of her love for the arts from childhood. With a brush she would paint quaint pictures, and with a pencil write poems. Her father was exceedingly happy to notice a budding artist in his daughter. So he encouraged her to write poems and taught her the simple rules of versification. And he was wont to read to his friends and courtiers with pride the childish poems of Anangamohini. She was taught music by expert musicians. She has a sweet voice, and sings exquisitely. This Royal family is Vaishnava by faith. They worship Radha and Krishna. Some of the best books of Hindu literature have been written on the idealistic love between Radha and Krishna. Chandi Das and Vidyapati are two of the greatest of Vaishnava poets. They inspired Tagore to a great extent. It is of this divine love that Anangamohini likes most to sing. Quite often in her own palace and in her own rooms she is seen sitting on her *ashan* all alone with her *sitar* (a musical instrument) and singing mystic songs in devotional rapture. And quite frequently she composes songs extempore and sings as she plays. Here is one of her own songs entitled "The Unseen Love":*

*The translations of this and of the other poems in this article are made by the author, Mr. Roy.—*Editor's Note.*

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I cannot see you
And I cannot ever expect to see you.
And yet your image
Appears in the corner of my eyes.
In the zephyr I feel the touch
Of your hands.
And the morning rays of the sun
Places before my eyes
The vision of your face divine.
I hear from a distance
Your mysterious music of love
And am charmed with it;
And my heart is overflooded
With the ocean of joy and love.
What? what does this mean?
This is joyous sorrow,
This is poisonous nectar.
And being overwhelmed by joy
I cry in sorrow;—
I am being burnt into coolness
And am being freed in my bondage.

A thoughtful serenity is visibly marked in this princess-poetess's face, and her bright black eyes reveal the kindliness of heart which she possesses to an extraordinary degree. In her early youth, Anangamohini was married to the young prime minister of the state. The young couple were ideal lovers. Happiness followed as night follows day. And, like most intense joys, their joy was short-lived. The cruel hand of death soon snatched away the young husband, Gopikrishna Deb Barman. So the same pathos pervades her writings as it does those of Mankumari Devi. A deep sorrow perennially wells up from her heart and it colours everything she writes and everything she does. In the sorrow of their lonesomeness young widows must love silence. Here is the counterpart of Mankumari's "In Silence" which Anangamohini wrote soon after her husband's death:

Silent is my dark abode,
Silent is my favourite flute,
Silent only is my world,
And the silent soul is sad to-day.

In the lonesome home of my silent soul,
In the silent language of silent love,
In silence I shed tears in sorrow,
And in silence I worship the beloved of my heart.

I shall laugh and cry in silence,
In silence I shall bear my sorrows,
In silence I shall think and sing
And in silence I shall weave
Garlands for my beloved.

In the silent sky of my being
The sun does not shine bright any more
In the silent pool of my heart
The lotuses do not bloom to smile any more.

In the silent garden of my heart
The blossoms fall in silence,
And the cuckoo of my silent heart
Sings no more in joy.

Silence reigns supreme all around me,
And silence has engulfed my heart,
Silence comes to me in silence,
And my heart is hungry for my beloved.

And again, she sings in the sadness of her soul:

I soften my speech
With tears
Lest it sounds harsh to you.
I do not close my eyes
In indifference,
But only in deep meditation
To comprehend you to the utmost.
In pain and in tears
Nothing is expressed but my love to you.
You are so far away
That I can but faintly see you.
And yet, I smile in doubt
Thinking that you are there.
The smile is to make you happy,
My love is to please you,
My life is not for myself,
I am so happy to serve you.

The young poetess's love for her husband was so intense that the day he died, she, feeling that life was not worth living without the one she loved, expressed her desire to burn herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. But her father objected by saying: "I admire your faith-

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ful love and devotion for your departed husband, but we have no right to take the life God entrusted us with before He sends for us. Live, my daughter, live and consecrate your life to the service of God and humanity."

The daughter made a compromise. She burnt one of her fingers to prove her devotion to her husband. To-day her time is principally occupied with the observance of devotional duties, and journeys to places of pilgrimage. Dressed in her white silk *sari* Anangamohini spends several hours every day, morning, noon and night, in prayer and meditation. She has suffered so much herself that she thoroughly realises what it means when others suffer. This makes her exceedingly charitable. She lavishly gives money to temples and charitable institutions. Almost every day she gives away food and clothes to the poor. And on special festive occasions she invites thousands of beggars to partake of her hospitality. She really enjoys and finds great consolation in assuaging the sorrows of others.

She is a strictly purdah woman, and yet she is vitally interested in India's civic progress. She has helped the present ruler in bringing about many political and educational changes for the better efficiency of the state. She is a memmer of the All-India Woman's Union, and through it and by the gift of money and advice helps the cause of female education in India. She has established several schools in the remotest villages for the education of our children. By her letters and writings she seeks to inspire the young men of India to a higher sense of national idealism. Her greatest joy in life is to be of service to others, and she feels quite exultant when she can do something great for the public good. In one such moment she wrote:

The more I lose my consciousness
The more I am awakened into life.
And I have begun
To feel the touch of happiness
On my life of sorrow.
That crushing sense of far-offness
Has disappeared to-day
And I am sad no more.
Vain is not the bondage of hope
Futile is not devotional consecration.

I have swum in the waves of happiness
And washed off all my sorrows,
In this new awakening
There is no future and no past—
There is but an eternal present.
An endless wave of boundless grace
Has surrounded me on all sides—
The more I lose my consciousness
The more I am awakened into life.

It has been said by critics that Anangamohini in the original Bengali has too much of Tagorism—Tagore's style and rhythm. It certainly cannot be denied that some of her poems do remind us of Tagore. It would be foolish not to expect in at least a few of her poems any trace of a man whose works she has read and admired on her father's lap. And a little diffused aroma of Tagore or Maeterlinck is not altogether a bad thing to have in any poetry.

In spite of all the sorrows of her life, Anangamohini has a heroic hope that when she finishes her sojourn in this world, she will meet her husband in the next world and profusely shower on his head and heart the love that has gathered in hers during these years of her useful exile in this world of ours. So she sings:

Stranger from an unknown
And far off land,
What are you thirsting for?
What current of hope
Flows through your heart?
What treasure do you seek to gather?
How can I get rid of
This sense of far-offness
And offer all I have?

They say that this life is a dream,
I do not care;
I shall lose myself in the realm of dream
And forget all reality;
I shall close my eyes
And hide the sun in its darkness.

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I shall fly in the sky
In the garb of a fairy,
I shall ride on the back of clouds,
And in a fanciful dream
Sing songs in joy.

I shall fight against
This insensate world—
This prisonhouse of ours—
And win the war with love,
And reach the land
Of my heart's desire.

I shall march victoriously
Into the upper worlds,
Then darkness will disappear,
And the entire universe
Will smile radiant
With the rays
Of the sun of love.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

LOUISVILLE, KY.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Since you bespeak my interest in the series of poems in the "Masque of Poets" in your magazine, may I suggest that you would appeal to a wider group of readers if you would advertise them as being by *some* of America's leading poets rather than by America's leading poets? The newspapers cannot be expected to be exact in these matters, but THE BOOKMAN, just beginning a new round of its career, can hardly afford to stand for any arbitrary choosings of this kind; and this list would resemble a list of leading English poets with Kipling, Watson, Yeats, Noyes *et al* left out.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am sending you a literary curiosity which I found in an old scrap-book. I believe it will be of interest to many.

LUCILLE COULTER.

LIFE

(A Literary Curiosity)

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—Young.

Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.—Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die:—Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh.—Prior.

To be is better far than not to be,—Sewell.

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy:—Spencer.

But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb—Daniel.

The bottom is but shallow whence they come,—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Thy fate is the common fate of all;—Longfellow.

Unmingled joys here no man befall;—Southwell.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,—Congreve.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—Churchill.

Custom does not reason overrule,—Rochester.

And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—Armstrong.

Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.—Milton.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—French.

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place;—Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, however dear,—Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—Byron.

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,—Smollett.

With craft and skill to ruin and betray;—Crabbe.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—Massinger.

We masters grow of all that we despise.—Crowley.

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,—Beattie.

Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.—Cowper.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis grave,—Sir William Davenant.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave;—Gray.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,—Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great.—Addison.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—Dryden.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—Francis Quarles.

How long we live, not years, but actions tell;—Watkins.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.

Make, then, while ye may, your God your friend,—William Mason.

Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.—Hill.

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The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,—Dana.
For live we how we may, yet die we must.—Shakespeare.

—Mrs. H. A. Deming.

Note:—Accompanying this is a statement that a year was occupied in searching for, and fitting the lines in this remarkable mosaic from English and American poets.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor of The Bookman:

I take issue with Dr. Wilfrid Lay in the matter of his "'John Barleycorn' Under Psychoanalysis," though I do so with a frank admission of only a slight understanding of psychoanalysis, and I admit that Dr. Lay's intention was to interpret London's character from the technical viewpoint of a certain branch of science rather than from that of the emotional and literary appeal of the author's personality and writings. Yet, whatever Dr. Lay's intentions, I cannot escape the conviction that he sets up before us certain standards of ideal and character, and then criticises London wherein he falls short of these.

The principal point I raise is the unfairness of judging one man by another man's standards. We all know that London was not conventional, and doubtless did not want to be; and know that in general individuals want to be judged by the ideals of life which are theirs. In opposition to this the psychoanalyst will contend that an individual of a certain character and tendencies is abnormal through the effects of environment, repressed desires, and other conditions for which he was not responsible. Also we must admit in fairness that there are many instances wherein it is not allowable to judge an individual by his own ideals, as in the case of universally recognised outlaw of society. But where the individual has the large following which London has, I feel that it is only fair to give due consideration to his standards of life. Certainly this is evidence to the belief that his ideals were not wholly wrong.

Personally, and without any reflection of harshness, I liked Mr. London's way of looking at life much better than I do Dr. Lay's. Even though Dr. Lay be right and London wrong, I am convinced that many thousands of readers in the world are really glad that London was an abnormal and held to wrong ideals, if this he did. London did have a radical and somewhat unconventional way of looking at life, yet he had a great following who hold to somewhat at least the same viewpoint; and these understand and appreciate him. These are the ones to whom he appealed most for sympathy; and it is from these that he looked for support in critical judgment. The one of a different viewpoint who criticises the man does so without understanding; and with the followers of London the criticism meets with disapproval. It is like a Spencerian criticising a Kantist, or a Hegel the dialecticism of the ancient Greeks. The unfairness of this sort of criticism of London I felt even more than in the present instance when I read the article by Grace Isabel Colbron in the January Bookman.

Dr. Lay writes that London gives us no picture of "child, girl, lass, or woman that is more than a colourless sketch," and in the same paragraph makes reference to London's first love-making to Haydee. In objection, I ask how one could demand any better love sketch than this incident with Haydee? I admit that in this, too, the element of personal liking enters in; but to me it seems there is no better example of love incident to be found, considered for what it is—a short and comparatively unrelated incident in the book. I know that I like it; and those few pages I have read many times and still read. Again, what of Lizzie Connolly in *Martin Eden?* Possibly in this example the connection might superficially be construed to mean that London did not care for women; but the girl was rejected for reasons of the plot, and even so it is a compelling picture of woman's love. Dr. Lay may reply that these pictures do

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nothing to portray the inner characters of the girls themselves, but certainly they do present the heroines to us vividly; and to one of proper sympathy in a way that is unforgetable. And no more than this is required.

Dr. Lay in his psychoanalysis charges London with an unusual tendency to Sadism and Masochism. I imply from his conclusions that he arrives at his judgments by analysis of London's writing, particularly the narrative of "John Barleycorn." I object, first on the ground that London's supposedly autobiographical writings are not true accounts, but narrative employed rather for literary effect; and second and most important, on ground of the undeniable fact that in general the individual in his thoughts dwells on those qualities which are the opposite of his own. For example I cite one specific case—Nietzsche, who spent nearly all his life in futile search of health, and in vivid contrast preached the doctrine of the superman. On this basis I am unavoidably led to the conviction that London in actuality was a man far different from what his books would lead us to think.

Another point—that of suicide in the principal character, Martin Eden, which Dr. Lay, in attempting to show an immaturity of intellect in London, says is "another example of that youthfulness, not to say childishness, of intellect, which we see in other traits of his." In explanation of London's purpose, here I will cite some information from the words of Arthur M. Lewis, who not only knew London intimately, but accorded fairly well with London's philosophy. In a personal conversation the author explained to Mr. Lewis that he chose the viewpoint of Nietzchian individualism for his character in *Martin Eden* to show the fallacies of this kind of thinking, and to bear out the hopelessness of Nietzschian individualism compelled his character to commit suicide.

If I had space I would like to take up Dr. Lay's scepticism about London's discovering the "world of the mind" and "his interest in purely intellectual feats." I will say briefly, however, that I differ widely from Dr. Lay on this point, holding to the opinion that London made far incursions into the fields of science and philosophy. This he did if we may accept the suggestions given in his books, and the accounts of those who knew him intimately; but this matter is too involved to consider here.

In closing, I reiterate that I cannot agree with Dr. Lay. I feel that his opinions of London are too narrow to find approval among London's followers. And if it is unfortunate, as Dr. Lay suggests, that London did not receive the social education which would have made him a great cultural writer, I for one am glad that he did not. His writings are to me of incalculable value just as they are.

JESSE M. GRIGG.

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

A busy winter has delayed this note. Edna Kenton's article of half a year ago, "The Pap We Have Been Fed On," still lingers in mind because I was one of the children brought up on the Rollo Books. I doubt if she was. Her view sounds grown-up and modern. At any rate she did not have my joyous experience. It is worth recording as a tribute to an old-time children's classic.

I have no recollection of Rodolphus and dreary definitions. Best of all, I loved *Rollo Crossing the Atlantic,* read to eight-year-old me during measles and lived through the next summer on my first trip to Europe. I *lived* Rollo, all the more, perhaps, because my hair was clipped and waiters would ask, "What will the young gentleman have?" I learned to skip stones on Lake Windermere. I am not aware that Rollo ever did this, but I followed his trail up Ben Lomond on pony back. My mother and father stayed over a night at Rowardenan in order to gratify this wish—and ours was a rushing tourist trip! On the way to London, when wondering what hotel to go to, we thought of Morley's

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because Rollo had been there. I still remember my mother's surprise at finding an actual Morley's in Baedeker, and I remember my delight in sitting at the very table Rollo had sat at. My recollections stop there, but they give the Rollo Books a very special niche among my happy memories.

HELEN WHITON.

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am very anxious to ascertain the name of the author of the following lines of poetry:

Again she spoke: "Where is my lord, the King?"
And closing around a deeper silence seemed
To hold the host. "Where is thy father, boy?"
Nor answered but the harsh horns hardly blown
From shore to sea: and low before her bowed
His head the Prince, and all around stood dumb.

Do you or any of your subscribers recognise this quotation? If so, I would consider it a favour if you would send me the title of the complete work.

JOHN DUFFY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Professor Charles M. Bakewell's article, "The Philosophy of War and Peace," has interested me very much. It sounds, in places, so Nietzschian. Yet he damns Nietzsche, whom we had almost learned to love before the war, quite roundly.

Says Professor Bakewell: "A word must be said about the positive value of war. The plain truth is that wars have served the cause of mankind, and that the sturdy and manly virtues have resulted from the wars that have been fought."

Says Nietzsche, to cite a quotation that is more comprehensive, I think, than the one employed by your contributor: "It is mere illusion and pretty sentiment to expect much (even anything at all) from mankind if it forgets how to make war. As yet no means are known which call so much into action as a great war, that rough energy born of the camps, that deep impersonality born of hatred, that conscience born of murder and cold-bloodedness, that fervour born of effort in the annihilation of the enemy, that proud indifference to loss, to one's own existence, to that of one's fellows, to that earthquake-like soul-shaking which a people needs when it is losing its vitality."

And Professor Bakewell, too, can name no substitute for war's vitality—renewing power. But read again his article—with the foregoing in mind.

Incidentally, let us also compare with the above from Nietzsche the following from Emerson, our own American philosopher, the quotation being from his address on "War" delivered in Boston, in March, 1838: "War educates the senses, calls into action the will, perfects the physical constitution, brings men into such swift and close collision in critical moments that man measures man."

It is a most inopportune time to attempt to apologise for Nietzsche. For Emerson, this from his same "War" address will suffice: "Nothing is plainer than that the sympathy with war is a juvenile and temporary state."

CHARLES ALMA BYERS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I have just finished reading a most interesting life of Captain Mayne Reid by his widow, Elizabeth Reid. This volume, which contains a striking picture of Captain Reid, was published by Ward and Downey in London in 1890 and is a rather rare book.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century there was no writer of boys' books in the world more popular than Captain Mayne Reid. Only G. A. Henty at the zenith of his fame equalled him in popularity. I am sure that many of your readers will recall with delight the many golden hours that they spent

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in the company of *The Scalp Hunters, The Headless Horseman, The Rifle Rangers* and other thrilling characters created by the indefatigable Mayne Reid, who wrote forty-five books in all.

But I have never seen, outside of this volume, any printed account of Captain Mayne Reid's loyal defence of his friend, Edgar Allan Poe. Mayne Reid, while writing under the *nom de plume* of "Poor Scholar," went to Philadelphia in the spring of 1843 and there made the acquaintance of the ill-fated Poe. After the poet's death, when his memory was being attacked by a swarm of literary gadflies, Captain Mayne Reid vigourously defended him with that fiery zeal that also made him take up his pen in defence of Louis Kossuth in February, 1853, when the Hungarian statesman and patriot was denounced by the London *Times*.

It will be noted that in his defence of Poe Captain Reid held, like many others since, that Poe derived the source of his inspiration for "The Raven" from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." However, the doughty Captain's vindication of Poe is so interesting that I hope you will print it in full. Here it is:

"Nearly a quarter of a century ago I knew a man named Edgar Allan Poe. I knew him as well as one man may know another, after an intimate and almost daily association extending over a period of two years. He was then a reputed poet; I only an humble admirer of the Muses.

"But it is not of his poetic talent that I here intend to speak. I never myself had a very exalted opinion of it—more especially as I knew that the poem upon which rests the corner-stone of his fame is not the creation of Edgar Allan Poe, but of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' you will find the original of 'The Raven.' I mean the tune, the softly flowing measure, the imagery and a good many of the words—even to the 'rustling of the soft and silken curtain.'

"This does not seem like defending the dead poet, nor, *as a poet,* is his defence intended. I could do it better were I to speak of his prose, which for classic diction and keen analytical power has not been surpassed in the republic of letters. Neither to speak of his poetry nor his prose have I taken up the pen; but of what is, in my opinion, of much more importance than either—his moral character. Contrary to my estimate, the world believes him to have been a great poet; and there are few who will question his transcendent talents as a writer of prose. But the world also believes him to have been a blackguard; and there are but few who seem to dissent from this doctrine.

"I am one of this few; and I shall give my reasons, drawing them from my own knowledge of the man. In attempting to rescue his maligned memory from the clutch of calumniators, I have no design to represent Edgar Allan Poe as a model of what man ought to be, either morally or socially. I desire to obtain for him only strict justice; and if this be accorded, I have no fear that those acc rding it will continue to regard him as the monster he has been hitherto depicted. Rather may it be that the hideous garment will be transferred from his to the shoulders of his hostile biographer.

"When I first became acquainted with Poe he was living in a suburban district of Philadelphia, called 'Spring Garden.' I have not been there for twenty years and, for aught I know, it may now be in the centre of that progressive city. It was then a quiet residential neighbourhood, noted as the chosen quarter of the Quakers.

"Poe was no Quaker; but, I remember well, he was next-door neighbour to one. And in this wise; that while the wealthy co-religionist of William Penn dwelt in a splendid four-story house, built of the beautiful coral-coloured bricks for which Philadelphia is celebrated, the poet lived in a lean-to of

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three rooms—there may have been a garret with a closet—of painted plank construction, supported against the gable of the more pretentious dwelling.

"If I remember aright, the Quaker was a dealer in cereals. He was also Poe's landlord; and, I think, rather looked down upon the poet—though not from any question of character, but simply from his being fool enough to figure as a scribbler and a poet.

"In this humble domicile I can say that I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life—certainly some of the most intellectual. They were passed in the company of the poet himself and his wife—a lady angelically beautiful in person and not less beautiful in spirit. No one who remembers that dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter of Virginia—her own name, if I rightly remember—her grace, her facial beauty, her demeanour, so modest as to be remarkable—no one who has ever spent an hour in her company but will endorse what I have above said. I remember how we, the friends of the poet, used to talk of her high qualities. And when we talked of her beauty, I well knew that the rose-tint upon her cheek was too bright, too pure to be of earth. It was consumption's colour—that sadly beautiful light which beckons to an early tomb.

"In the little lean-to, besides the poet and his interesting wife, there was but one other dweller. This was a woman of middle age, and almost masculine aspect. She had the size and figure of a man, with a countenance that, at first sight, seemed scarce feminine. A stranger would have been incredulous—surprised, as I was—when introduced to her as the mother of that angelic creature who had accepted Edgar Poe as the partner of her life.

"Such was the relationship; and when you came to know this woman better, the masculinity of her person disappeared before the truly feminine nature of her mind; and you saw before you a type of those grand American mothers—such as existed in the days when block houses had to be defended, bullets run in red-hot saucepans, and guns loaded for sons and husbands to fire them. Just such a woman was the mother-in-law of the poet Poe. If not called upon to defend her home and family against the assaults of the Indian savage, she was against that as ruthless, as implacable, and almost as difficult to repel—poverty. She was the ever-vigilant guardian of the house, watching it against the silent but continuous sap of necessity, that appeared every day to be approaching closer and nearer. She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean; the sole messenger, doing the errands, making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers, frequently bringing back such chilling responses as 'The article not accepted,' or, 'The cheque not to be given until such and such a day'—often too late for his necessities.

"And she was also messenger to the market; from it bringing back, not the 'delicacies of the season,' but only such commodities as were called for by the dire exigencies of hunger.

"And yet were there some delicacies. I shall never forget how, when peaches were in season and cheap, a pottle of these, the choicest gifts of Pomona, were divested of their skins by the delicate fingers of the poet's wife, and left to the 'melting mood,' to be amalgamated with Spring Garden cream and crystallised sugar, and then set before such guests as came in by chance.

"Reader! I know you will acknowledge this to be a picture of tranquil domestic happiness; and I think you will believe me when I tell you that it is truthful. But I know also you will ask, 'What has it to do with the poet?' since it seems to reflect all the credit on his wife and the woman who called him her son-in-law. For all yet said it may seem so; but I am now to say that which may give it a different aspect.

"During two years of intimate personal association with Edgar Allan Poe, I found in him the following phases of character, accomplishment and disposition:

"First: I discovered rare genius; not

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at all of the poetic order, not even of the fanciful, but far more of a practical kind, shown in a power of analytic reasoning such as few men possess, and which would have made him the finest detective policeman in the world. Vidocq would have been a simpleton beside him.

"Secondly: I encountered a scholar of rare accomplishments — especially skilled in the lore of Northern Europe, and more imbued with it than with the southern and strictly classic. How he had drifted into this specialty I never knew. But he had it in a high degree, as is apparent throughout all his writings, some of which read like an echo of the Scandinavian 'Sagas.'

"Thirdly: I felt myself in communication with a man of original character, disputing many of the received doctrines and dogmas of the day; but only original in so far as to dispute them, altogether regardless of consequences to himself or the umbrage he gave to his adversaries.

"Fourthly: I saw before me a man to whom vulgar rumour had attributed those personal graces supposed to attract the admiration of women. This is the usual description given of him in biographical sketches. And why, I cannot tell, unless it has been done to round off a piquant paragraph. His was a face purely intellectual. Women might admire it, thinking of this; but it is doubtful if many of them ever fell, or could have fallen, in love with the man to whom it belonged. I don't think many ever did. It was enough for one man to be beloved by one such woman as he had for his wife.

"Fifthly: I feel satisfied that Edgar Allan Poe was not, what his slanderers have represented him, a rake. I know he was not; but in truth the very opposite. I have been his companion in one or two of his wildest frolics, and can certify that they never went beyond the innocent mirth in which we all indulge when Bacchus gets the better of us. With him the jolly god sometimes played fantastic tricks—to the stealing away his brain, and sometimes, too, his hat—leaving him to walk bareheaded through the streets at an hour when the sun shone too clearly on his crown, then prematurely bald.

"While acknowledging this as one of Poe's failings, I can speak truly of its not being habitual; only occasional, and drawn out by some accidental circumstance—now disappointment; now the concurrence of a social crowd, whose flattering friendship might lead to champagne, a single glass of which used to affect him so much that he was hardly any longer responsible for his actions, or the disposal of his hat.

"I have chronicled the poet's crimes, all that I ever knew him to be guilty of, and, indeed, all that can be honestly alleged against him; though many call him a monster. It is time to say a word of his virtues. I could expatiate upon these far beyond the space left me; or I might sum them up in a single sentence by saying that he was no worse and no better than most other men.

"I have known him to be for a whole month closeted in his own house—the little 'shanty' supported against the gable of the rich Quaker—all the time hard at work with his pen, poorly paid, and hard driven to keep the wolf from his slightly fastened door, intruded on only by a few select friends who always found him, what they knew him to be, a generous host, an affectionate son-in-law and husband; in short, a respectable gentleman.

"In the list of literary men, there has been no such spiteful biographer as Dr. Rufus Griswold, and never such a victim of posthumous spite as poor Edgar Allan Poe."

EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

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TOKYO, JAPAN.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am very much obliged for the fine review you have given to my book, *The Obstacles to Peace*.

There are, however, certain misapprehensions in regard to it on the part of the writer of the review, which I would like to correct. The writer says that it has the faults of a "journalistic lingering over sensational details and endless repetition."

Now, I am not a journalist, nor a reporter. I am not even a writer. I am merely an editor. And this book is a piece of editorial work and its principal aim was to set forth a true picture of the world situation. The value of the book is in the material I selected. What the review of the book calls "sensational details" are records of the most terrible crimes and cruelties that have ever happened in this world. These crimes and cruelties committed by Germany on land and sea and by Austria-Hungary in Serbia and by Turkey in Armenia constitute most terrible facts. It is on account of them that the United States has gone into war.

I made a very fundamental examination of the sources of my material. This is not a journalistic lingering over sensational details. It is an important piece of editorial work. I have given a body of material from which people can understand the feeling that has made England and France ready to give up everything rather than that this desecration of humanity should prevail in the world. As I say, I am not a writer; I am an editor. There are books by men like Phillip Gibbs which are marvellous pieces of literature. My book is primarily a collection of important data. I may have failed in editorial judgment, but I have not lingered over details to gratify a sense of sensational journalism.

S. S. MCCLURE.

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A suggestive, not critical, discussion of American artists, and an attempt to give the reader a working basis for a wider knowledge of them.

Biography

Algernon Charles Swinburne. Personal Recollections by his Cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.00.

With extracts from some of his private letters.

Franklin Spencer Spalding, Man and Bishop. By John Howard Melish. New York: The Macmillan Company. With Portrait. $2.25.

In seventeen chapters.

Business

Are We Capable of Self-Government? By Frank W. Noxon. With an Introduction by Harry A. Wheeler, First President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

National problems and policies affecting business 1900-16.

Church Advertising. Arranged by W. B. Ashley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00.

Practical methods to advertise church work.

Ten Lessons in Thrift. By Thomas E. Sanders. Racine, Wisconsin: The Thrift Publishers.

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Twenty chapters of advice to girls.

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Home Crafts of To-day and Yesterday. By Florence Buchanan. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

How to make at home a variety of necessary and useful articles.

Canned Fruit, Preserves and Jellies. By Maria Parloa. New York: The Saalfield Publishing Company. 50 cents.

A little book of household methods of preparation: prepared under the supervision of Experiment Stations, United States Department of Agriculture.

Drama

Minna von Barnheim or Soldier's Fortune. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Otto Heller, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.25.

A German comedy in five acts.

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $1.75.

A new and revised edition in twenty-two chapters.

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Modern Theatre Construction. By Edward Bernard Kinsila. New York: The Moving Picture World. Forty-one illustrations and marginal references.

A handbook of practical suggestions for the general reader, by the architect and theatre specialist.

The Sublime Sacrifice: A War Drama. By Charles V. H. Roberts. New York and Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.

A tragedy in three acts with prologue.

Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. Edited and with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt.

Four One-Act Plays by the inventor and director of the Portmanteau Theatre.

Essays

Personality. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35.

Six essays developing the subject.

The City Worker's World. American Social Progress Series. By Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

An attempt in ten chapters to show fully the conditions surrounding the great industrial family.

Fiction

Pebbles on the Shore. Alpha of the Plough. The Wayfarer's Library. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A selection from papers originally in *The Star;* fifty-one short sketches, a sort of informal diary of moods.

A Love Tangle. By F. E. Penny. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A Southern India romance complicated by differences of station and race.

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A story of the life of workers in a flower nursery and in an oyster fishery nearby.

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A mystery story of a confirmed bachelor and a girl from nowhere.

Red Roses. By Joyce Thomas. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. $1.50.

A love story of the war.

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A revelation of a yong man's life, American in ancestry and surroundings.

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Rimrock Jones. By Dane Coolidge. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A desert story about a man who almost made the same mistake twice, and of a woman who knew her own mind.

My Country. A Story of To-day. By George Rothwell Brown. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A war novel dealing with love, intrigue, secret service, and the submarine.

Kleath. By Madge Macbeth. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story of life in the Klondike.

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Dominie Dean. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrations. $1.35.

A tale of the Mississippi in the days of the Civil War.

The Treasure Train. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.35.

Twelve adventure stories of the famous scientific detective, Craig Kennedy.

The Lovers. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. $1.00.

A romance beginning in a garret and ending on the battlefields of France.

The Royal Outlaw. By Charles B. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A historical novel dealing with David as an exile from Saul.

The Master of Bonne Terre. By William Antony Kennedy. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1.90.

A Civil War story, in which mine development, politics, and land speculation figure.

Stories of the Occult. By Dan A. Stitzer. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.

Three stories by a student of the occult science.

Eve, Junior. By Reginald Heber Patterson. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.25.

A Maryland love story about a girl on an island and a young engineer.

Bucking the Tiger. By Achmed Abdullah. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1.35.

A story of financial adventure in the Northwest.

Fairhope. By Edgar Dewitt Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece.

The annals of a country church: in fourteen sketches.

Irene to the Rescue. By May Baldwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated.

The story of an English girl's fight for the right.

The Empty House. Anonymous. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.40.

An American story in the first person, involving the modern theme of the childless woman.

Erewhon. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

A satire on the fads and foolishness of the English-speaking world: a story of adventure in a topsy-turvy country among peculiar people.

The Lady with the Dog and Other Stories. Vol. III. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A collection of nine stories.

Dollars and Cents. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: Robert J. Shores. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story of married life, of a man's love and a woman's faith.

The Sorry Tale. By Patience Worth. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $1.90.

A historical story of the days of the Christ; communicated through Mrs. John Curran.

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Russian Court Memoirs 1914-16. By a Russian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. With thirty-two illustrations.

Intimate glimpses of court, political and social life in Petrograd.

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France, Her People and Her Spirit. Problems of the Nations. By Laurence Jerrold. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50.

A cross-section view of France to-day, with a background of history and geography.

Juvenile

Peter Pan. The Boy Who Would Never Grow up to be a Man. Edited and arranged by Frederick Orville Perkins. New York: Silver, Burdett & Company. With sixteen ilustrations by Alice B. Woodward.

Retold from Sir James M. Barrie's famous play.

Zip. By Frances Trego Montgomery. New York: The Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

The adventures of a fox-terrier, for children.

Chocolate Cake and Black Sand and Two Other Plays. By Samuel Milbank Cauldwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With sixteen illustrations. $1.50.

Adapted for presentation by children.

Around the World with the Children. By Frank G. Carpenter. New York: American Book Company. Illustrated.

An introduction to geography.

Miscellaneous

Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

An authoritative book on America's National Parks, with practical guide-book knowledge: for tourists.

A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Russian Languages. By J. H. Freese. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.00.

Prepared for the student of Russian.

The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe. By Leon Dominion. The American Geographical Society of New York. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrations and Maps.

A study in applied geography: the linguistic frontiers as the symbol of the divide between distinct sets of economic and social conditions, with Appendix.

Direct-Method Physical Development. By Claus Seltz. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A treatise on developing Nerve-Force and Muscle-Force

Canada, the Spell Binder. By Lilian Whiting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrations in colour and monotone. $2.50.

Thirteen chapters with many illustrations and map.

Rational Sex Ethics. By W. F. Robie, M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $3.50.

For sale only to members of the medical and legal professions.

The Rural School from Within. By Marion G. Kirkpatrick, B.S., Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company Frontispiece $1.28.

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Letters From a Living Dead Man. Written Down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Personal experiences of the author, dealing with communications from the other world.

Poetry

The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Collected, edited, and arranged with Memoir, Textual Notes and Bibliography. By J. H. Whitty. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With illustrations. $2.25.

Revised and definitive edition, containing unpublished poems, a new portrait, a new text of the poet's last revision, and new information and material in the memoir.

The Man Who Saw, and Other Poems arising out of the War. By William Watson. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

Twenty sonnets and thirty other poems.

Billie Boy and I. By Will P. Snyder. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00.

Child verse for adult readers, many of the poems being reprinted from magazines.

Poems. Ralph Hodgson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

A collection of twenty-five poems.

Dreams of Hellas and Other Poems. By Annie Elizabeth Cheney. Los Angeles: Lloyd Publishing Company. $1.50.

Poems of all the civilisations, with the theme of Uranian love.

Jevons Block. By Kate Buss. Boston: McGrath-Sherrill Press. Illustrated.

A small book of poetry: a book of sex enmity.

Psychology

Sex Worship and Symbolism of Primitive Races. An Interpretation. By Sanger Brown, II, M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $3.00.

An effort to give the life history of a primitive motive in the history of the race.

Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D., M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

Education of children: a revised third edition with preface on current events and an essay on Precocity in Children

Religion

The Silent Hour. By Charlotte Burd. New York: Barse & Hopkins. $1.50.

Twelve chapters on the practical use and necessity of the silent hour.

Seeing God. The Purple Series. By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1s. 6d.

A book of devotion and meditation.

There is no Death. The Purple Series. By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1s. 6d.

A book of devotion and meditation.

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Immortality and the Future. By H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

The Christian doctrine of eternal life, written for students of Eschatology.

The Story of Bible Translations. By Max L. Margolis. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. Illustrated.

Eight chapters of Biblical history.

The Religious Education of an American Citizen. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Twelve chapters about the influences which direct the religious education of an American citizen.

The Christian Ministry and Social Problems. By Charles D. Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Five chapters the author's purpose in which is to arouse the torpid social conscience of the average minister of the church.

Do We Need a New Idea of God? Edmund H. Reeman. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. $1.00.

An original treatment of the idea of God, in seven chapters.

Sociology

Community. By R. M. Maciver, D.Phil. London: Macmillan & Company, Limited. 12s.

A sociological study in eight chapters with Appendices.

The Problem of the Unemployed. Present Day Problem Series. By Rev. W. S. Williams, M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00.

A short treatise for business men interested in social welfare after the war.

Science

The Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Pea. By J. J. Taubenhaus, Ph.D., Plant Pathologist of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A book of detailed first-hand information for the amateur, the gardener, the florist, the seedsman, and the plant pathologist.

Friends in Feathers. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Many photographs by the author. $3.50.

Character studies of native American birds, with the stories of the author's experiences in obtaining their pictures.

Spanish Glass. In the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. No. 102. By Edwin Atlee Barber, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated.

Chiefly of interest for its plates.

War

War's Dark Frame. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A description of war from the point of view of the home of the man at the front.

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With Our Faces in the Light. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 50 cents.

A little book of patriotism by an observer of the war.

The Turning Point. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A description of the battle of the Somme from the standpoint of the operations of the British troops.

Doing My Bit for Ireland. By Margaret Skinnider. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A narrative, in the first person, giving the author's experiences during the rise and fall of the recent Irish revolution, with songs sung by the revolutionists.

Gems(?) of German Thought. An Anthology of the German War Scriptures. Compiled by William Archer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

A collection of 501 writings and sayings by prominent Germans, on the Kulturgospel.

The Russian Revolution. By Isaac Don Levine. New York: Harper & Brothers. With Portraits. $1.00.

Sixteen chapters: the overthrow of the Czar and the establishment of democratic Russia.

Trench Warfare. By J. S. Smith, Second Lieutenant with the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50.

The author's experiences, giving technical details for men and officers.

England and the War. By André Chevrillon. With a preface by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.60.

First published in the *Revue de Paris;* an analysis of the national mind.

Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow. By Baroness Souiny. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

A conversational account of the Russia that was and an indication of the Russia that is to be.

Russian Memories. By Madame Olga Novikoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Fifteen illustrations. $3.50.

Twenty chapters of personal reminiscences, not autobiographical.

The Soldiers' English and French Conversation Book. Compiled by Walter M. Gallichan. New and Revised Edition.

A little book of useful sentences, phrases, and words on most-needed topics.

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Our United States Army. By Helen S. Wright. New York: Robert J. Shores. $1.50.

A summary of the Army's work in the development and building up of our country.

Germany, the Next Republic? By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Twelve chapters by the representative of the United Press in Germany before breaking out of the war.

The Menace of Peace. By George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00.

An attempt to show that the war is the outward expression of a human conflict that is spiritual.

The Marne Campaign. By Major F. E. Whitton. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With Maps. $4.00.

Seventeen chapters with Bibliography and Index: minute analysis of the operations of the Battle of the Marne.

The Latin at War. By Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.75.

The author's experiences and observations in France and Italy during the present year; a discussion of social and economic conditions as seen through the eyes of civilians and soldiers he interviewed.

Victor Chapman's Letters from France. With Memoir by John Jay Chapman. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

In three parts, with Addenda.

Over the Top. Together with Tommy's Dictionary of the Trenches. By Arthur Guy Empey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Sixteen illustrations and diagrams. $1.50.

Twenty-seven chapters of war experience by an American soldier now serving as Machine Gunner in France.

The Soul of Ulster. By Ernest W. Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25.

A review of Ulster's history and present position, by a man who was for seven years Member of Parliament for an Ulster constituency.

America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D., American Foreign Relations, New York University. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

War Flying. By a Pilot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00.

The letters of "Theta" to his home people, written in training and in war.

The English-Speaking Peoples, Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations. By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A discussion of the issues of the war,

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and the factors essential to better international relationships.

The War against War and the Enforcement of Peace. By Christen Collen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Eleven essays by the Norwegian scholar.

The Oppressed English. By Ian Hay. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 50 cents.

A little book answering the question: "Why can't you English settle the Irish question?"

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of June and the first of July:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	The Yukon Trail	The Chosen People
Albany, N. Y	The Definite Object	His Family
Boston, Mass	The Hundredth Chance	A Diversity of Creatures
Boston, Mass	The Definite Object	Where Your Treasure Is
Birmingham, Ala	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	God the Invisible King
Buffalo, N. Y	The Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill	The Road of Ambition	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Chicago, Ill	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Cleveland, Ohio	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Dallas, Texas	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Des Moines, Ia	The Light in the Clearing	The Secret of the Storm Country
Detroit, Mich	The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object
Houston, Tex	The Light in the Clearing	Cecilia of the Pink Roses
Kansas City, Mo	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Louisville, Ky	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Hundredth Chance
Los Angeles, Cal	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Milwaukee, Wis	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
New Haven, Conn	The Definite Object	The Cinema Murder
New Orleans, La	The Hundredth Chance	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Norfolk, Va	The Chosen People	Changing Winds
Philadelphia, Pa	The Definite Object	The Cinema Murder
Portland, Me	The Definite Object	His Family
Portland, Ore	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Providence, R. I	Mistress Anne	The Definite Object
Richmond, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Rochester, N. Y	The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne
San Antonio, Tex	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Triflers
St. Paul, Minn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
San Francisco, Cal	The Road to Understanding	Mendel
San Francisco, Cal	His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Seattle, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
St. Louis, Mo	The Hundredth Chance	God the Invisible King
St. Louis, Mo	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Spokane, Wash	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Toledo, Ohio	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toronto, Can	The Hundredth Chance	The Road to Understanding
Utica, N. Y	His Family	The Definite Object
Waco, Texas	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Washington, D. C	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Worcester, Mass	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Triflers	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Over the Border
The Light in the Clearing	Where Your Treasure Is	The Cinema Murder	Bab: A Sub-Deb
His Family	The Dark Star	Where Your Treasure Is	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
His Family	The Hundredth Chance	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Banks of Colne
The Hundredth Chance	Wilt Thou, Torchy	Cinderella Jane	Road to Understanding
The Light in the Clearing	His Family	The Hundredth Chance	Undertow
The Definite Object	Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
His Family	Road to Understanding	The Hundredth Chance	American Ambassador
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Stranded in Arcady	The Road to Ambition	Road to Understanding
The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne	Paradise Auction	His Family
His Family	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Road to Understanding	His Family	The Road of Ambition	Cinderella Jane
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Hundredth Chance	The Straight Road	Changing Winds
The Hundredth Chance	The Straight Road	Road to Understanding	The Middle Pasture
His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Greenmantle	The Definite Object
The Dark Star	Road to Understanding	The Definite Object	The Secret of the Storm Country
The Definite Object	The Wave	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Dark Star
The Dark Star	The Light in the Clearing	The Girls at His Billet	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing	His Family	Stranded in Arcady
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mistress Anne	Cinderella Jane	His Family
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Second Youth	The Derelict	The Definite Object
The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mistress Anne	The Light in the Clearing
The Hundredth Chance	Where Your Treasure Is	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	His Family	Jerry of the Islands
His Family	His Family	Cinderella Jane	Sube Cane
The Straight Road	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Hundredth Chance	In the Wilderness
The Hundredth Chance	I, Mary MacLane	Wildfire	The Straight Road
A Diversity of Creatures	My Country	The Definite Object	In the Wilderness
In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing	The Taming of Calinga
The Hundredth Chance	Bab: A Sub-Deb	In the Wilderness	The Definite Object
The Definite Object	The Hundredth Chance	A Diversity of Creatures	His Family
The Definite Object	Road to Understanding	The Son of Tarzan	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!
A Diversity of Creatures	O, Mary, Be Careful!	Road to Understanding	The Hundredth Chance
Road to Understanding	Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan	The Triflers
Road to Understanding	His Family	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	The Son of Tarzan
The Red Planet	In the Wilderness	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	Up the Hill and Over
Greenmantle	The Light in the Clearing	Lydia of the Pines	Road to Understanding
The Definite Object	Road to Understanding	I, Mary MacLane	The Straight Road
The Hundredth Chance	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Road to Understanding
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing	Paradise Auction

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Behind the German Veil. J. M. de Beaufort.
The Altar of Freedom. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 672 and 673) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50 205
The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 179
The Definite Object. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.50 160
His Family. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.50 158
The Hundredth Chance. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.50 147
The Road to Understanding. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40 101

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Altar of Freedom. Mary R. Rinehart.
The American Ambassador. L. Byrne.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary R. Rinehart.
The Banks of Colne. Eden Phillpotts.
The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper. James A. Cooper.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Cecilia of the Pink Roses. K. H. Taylor.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
The Cinema Murder. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.
The Derelict. Phyllis Bottome.
The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
Mendel. Gilbert Cannan.
The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Country. George R. Brown.
O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
Over the Border. Herman Whitaker.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Paradise Auction. Nalbro Bartley.
The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. S. D. Page.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
Second Youth. Allan Updegraff.
The Secret of the Storm Country. Grace M. White.
The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
The Straight Road. Anonymous.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
Stranded in Arcady. Francis Lynde.
The Triflers. Frederick O. Bartlett.
The Taming of Calinga. C. L. Carlsen.
An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
Undertow. Kathleen Norris.
Up the Hill and Over. Isabel Mackay.
The Wave. Algernon Blackwood.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Where Your Treasure Is. Holman F. Day.
Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
The Yukon Trail. W. MacLeod Raine.

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